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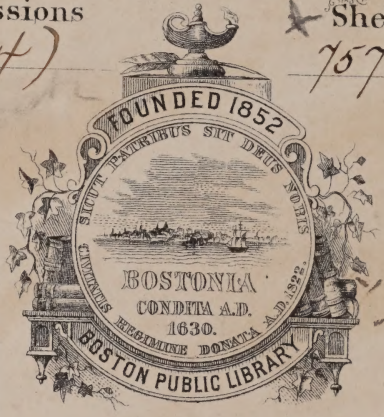

Received Aug. 14, 1889.

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LETTER

TO

LOUIS KOSSUTH,

CONCERNING

FREEDOM AND SLAVERY

IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN BEHALF OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY R. F. WALLCUT,
FOR THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
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Anti-Slavery Library of

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George C. Rand, Printer, 3 Cornhill.

LETTER TO KOSSUTH.

To M. Louis Kossuth:

Sir — We, the undersigned, officers of the American Anti-Slavery Society, — an association now in the eighteenth year of its existence, having for its object the emancipation of an immense portion of our countrymen from a thraldom which finds no toleration in any part of Europe, and no parallel in any other quarter of the globe, —respectfully take this method to convey to you an expression of those feelings which your visit to the United States has awakened in our breasts. We would gladly have had a personal audience, and were intending to seek it, if not in New York, at least on your intended visit to Boston; but, from the tenor of your speeches, and especially since the publication of your significant Address to the People of the United States, bearing date of the 12th December, (1) we are led to infer that such an interview, if solicited, would be regarded by you as superfluous, if not intrusive. Nevertheless, for us wholly to keep silent, in the position you occupy as the professed friend of universal freedom, and the relation we sustain to the millions in slavery on our own soil as their representatives and advocates, would be doing violence to our convictions of duty — a duty we owe to you, to ill-fated Hungary, to the cause of liberty throughout the world. That duty we shall endeavor to discharge with fidelity.

(1) See Appendix.

Sir, we have no parade to make of our abhorrence of the despotic power of Austria and Russia, or of our sympathy with bleeding and oppressed Hungary. Words are cheap — professions are easily made. If we had not been personally ready to meet obloquy, persecution and danger, through long years of conflict, in behalf of the down-trodden of our own land, we should be ashamed to look you in the face, or to take you by the hand, as a sufferer under the rod of tyranny. It is easy in America to denounce European injustice; it is not less easy in Europe to reprobate American slavery; but to be true to the principles of justice and humanity, on both sides of the Atlantic, in every land, is to be sublimely heroic.

Partly through the intercession of the American Government, you have been released from an irksome confinement in Turkey,—a confinement without injustice, and bringing with it distinguished hospitality as well as personal safety for the time being,—and now stand on the American soil, "a poor, persecuted, penniless exile," "the wandering son of a bleeding nation," whose reception has been so triumphant as to be without a parallel. It is very natural, therefore, that you should feel —it is highly proper that you should express—strong emotions of gratitude both to the government and people of the United States. But neither your release, on the one hand, nor your sense of obligation, on the other, can justify you in conniving at the horrible crimes perpetrated by that people and government; nor can the condition of Hungary excuse you from being as honest and truthful here, as you have shown yourself to be heroic and self-sacrificing at home.

We frankly confess, that our solicitude for the preservation of your manhood and the integrity of your soul was extreme when we first heard of your intention to come to the United States,—knowing, as we did, that your visit must be made under circumstances calculated to blind your vision, obstruct your freedom of utterance, shake your moral firmness, and circumscribe your action. This solicitude was not diminished by the recollection, that no distinguished European, whether statesman or divine, whether patriot or philanthropist, (with hardly an exception,) had ever failed, in some way or other, to prove himself recreant to principle almost as soon as he had touched our soil, by a servile course of policy in regard to the omnipresent and omnipotent Slave Power of the land. Still, you had exhibited so much courage, voluntarily encountered so many perils, spurned so many bribes, overcome so many temptations, endured so many hardships, for the sacred cause of liberty in your native land, we were determined to hope to the

last, that here it would be shown to the world, you would never sacrifice principle to expediency, nor allow a padlock to be put upon your lips. And when we read your glowing speeches in England, in which you declared—"I am a man of justice, right and liberty, and will be so my whole lifetime—little do I care what the sworn enemies of justice, right and liberty may call me—there is a common tie which binds the destiny of humanity—liberty, being the common bond of mankind, constitutes the union of heart with heart—how can men be contented without freedom?—this fair world was not created by God to be a prison to humanity, neither is it created for the jailor's sake—the principles of freedom are in harmony, and I love, I am interested in the freedom of all other countries as well as my own—to me life has no value, but only as much as I can make use of it for the liberty and independence of my country, and for the benefit of humanity—though my words and my pronunciation be bad, my heart is true to the principles of freedom and liberty, not the privileges of a class, but the freedom of all for all—my heart, as well as my arm, will ever be ready, to my last moments, to give effective success to those principles which are the very root of my life"—&c., &c., we were inspired to hope and believe that, on the blood-stained soil of America, you would stand erect, cost what it might, and still "give the world assurance of a MAN,"

> "Who would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
> Nor Jove for his power to thunder."

Alas! sir, already our hopes are in the dust!

Less than a month has elapsed since your arrival; but, during that brief period, you have made more addresses, and received more delegations,—representing various professions, societies and corporations,—than any other man living. Your addresses have been characterized by astonishing versatility and copiousness, as well as charged with the electric flame of an oriental eloquence; you have discussed a wide range of topics; you have marked out your own course, and been left unembarrassed by any distinct presentation of a mooted question; you have shown yourself no stranger to the history, growth and power of this nation; and you seem to have found among us, as a people, every thing to admire and extol, in strains of loftiest panegyric. But there is one topic that you have shunned, as though to name it would be a crime, —and that is, SLAVERY! There is one stain on our national escutcheon that your vision has failed to detect,—and that is, the blood

of the almost exterminated Indian tribes, and of millions of the descendants of Africa! There is one fact that you choose to be ignorant of,—and that is, that every sixth person in this land, among a people swarming from ocean to ocean, is a fettered slave, an article of property, a marketable commodity,—to plead for whose restoration to freedom is the most odious and the most hazardous act that can be performed!

Thus far, then, you have eyes, but see not; you have ears, but hear not—except what you suppose is in accordance with popular sentiment, and will be sure to further your own designs.

Landing as you did on these shores, a liberated captive, the victim of European absolutism, an exile from your native country, and asking sympathy and aid in the spirit of universal liberty;—coming here, moreover, at a period when the all-absorbing question in the land relates to the enslavement of the wretched millions already alluded to,—when the national government is prosecuting, as guilty of high treason, those who defend themselves against prowling slave-hunters and mercenary kidnappers,—when the panting fugitives from Southern plantations are hunted by bloodhounds, two legged and four legged, throughout our wide domains, and can find succor and the recognition of their common humanity only as they escape to Canada, and exchange the American star-spangled banner for the British flag,—when "the propagation, preservation and perpetuation of slavery" are officially declared to be essential to the continuance of the American Union,—when a strict adherence to bloody and atrocious compromises, made in furtherance of the fiendish designs of the Slave Power, is declared to be the test of loyalty, not to the present administration, but to the government itself,—and, finally, when the most flagitious efforts are making to seize Cuba, and also still other portions of distracted, ill-fated, subjugated Mexico, in order to enlarge and strengthen our doubly accursed slave system,—it was natural that the uncompromising advocates of impartial liberty should look to you for at least one word of sympathy and approval,—at least an incidental expression of grief and shame at the existence of a bondage so frightful, in a land so boastful of its freedom. How, under circumstances so extraordinary and revolting,—especially as the undaunted champion of freedom,—could you expect to find neutral ground? to please alike the traffickers in human flesh, and those who execrate that traffic? to be considered as neither on one side nor the other? to be allowed to skulk behind the flimsy subterfuge of foreign non-intervention, as an excuse for remaining dumb and insensate in the immediate presence of millions of your fellow-creatures in chains, and

herded with the beasts that perish? Deplorable as it is, the relation of your countrymen to the Austrian government is incomparably more hopeful, a million times less appalling, than that of our slave population to the American government; yet you invoke for the Hungarians the sympathy of the civilized world—for their prompt deliverance, you insist that both England and America should interfere, by expostulation, remonstrance and warning,—even, if need be, at the point of the bayonet and the mouth of the cannon, though both nations should thereby become doubly bankrupt, though it should cause a deluge of blood to flow! The representatives of the vast slave population of the United States ask you to join no particular party in their behalf, to give no countenance to a bloody struggle for their emancipation, but simply to recognize the shocking inconsistency and awful guilt of this nation in trampling under foot its heaven-attested declarations of freedom and equality; and what is your answer? It is, that, neither directly nor indirectly, neither by oral testimony nor overt act, will you concern yourself with any matter now in controversy on the American soil! You are a Hungarian: what is it to you, that, in this country, one hundred and fifty thousand kidnappers claim and possess as their property more than three millions of the population? You are a foreigner: why should you "meddle" with any of our "domestic institutions"? It is not for you, but for such as reside here, to exclaim, if they think the matter worth a moment's consideration:—

"What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
And bartered as the brutes for gold!"

You are a fugitive from Austrian vengeance, as a rebel, and as the leader in a formidable insurrectionary movement: now that you want money and arms to renew the bloody struggle, why should you evince any sympathy for the hunted fugitives from Southern slaveholding barbarity,—fugitives who raise no standard of revolt, and whose only crime is in trying to gain their freedom without any injury to their merciless oppressors? Has not every nation a right to do as it pleases within its own boundaries? If cannibalism prevails in the Fejee Islands, or man-stealing in the United States, let no foreigner

presume to interfere with the practice, even to the extent of a single remonstrance!

Such is the humiliating position you now occupy before the world. Sir, your honors and laudations are purchased at too great cost; you are seeking aid for Hungary by a cowardly and criminal policy, that shall turn to ashes like the apples of Sodom to the taste; while declaiming against Jesuitism as the scourge of Europe, you are acting on the jesuitical maxim, "the end sanctifies the means." Has it come to this, O KOSSUTH, that you are fearful, and dare not speak; selfish, and dare not pity; a Hungarian for Hungarians, and nothing for mankind? Cease, then, to declaim against timidity, against selfishness, against national indifference to human wrongs! Assume no longer the character of a champion of liberty, talk not of being animated by a divine inspiration, and quote no more reproachfully the Cain-like interrogation, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Unquestionably, your first fatal step in this downward career was taken when, in your Turkish asylum and prison, you consented to accept the proffered interposition of this slaveholding government to obtain your liberation; which, if it did not necessarily imply, on your part, a pledge that you would not, on your arrival here, say or do aught to swell the tide of anti-slavery sentiment, or indulge in any language criminating the character of the nation, was certainly so regarded by the Executive and Congress of the United States, from considerations both of comity and gratitude. Having taken that step, all the rest have followed naturally and inevitably.

> ——"*Facilis descensus Averni,*
> *Sed revocare gradum—*
> *Hoc opus, hic labor est.*"

But, sir, what right had you to enter into such an arrangement, or to impose upon yourself such an obligation? Your liberation was an object of great solicitude to yourself personally, and of vast importance to Hungary, beyond a doubt; but not the safety of a KOSSUTH, not even the freedom of Hungary, can atone for connivance at crime, or justify an alliance with tyrants in any quarter of the globe. Integrity is more than life—honor better than success—the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," of more importance than the overthrow of the house of Hapsburg.

Possibly, when in Turkey you accepted the proffered hospitality of this nation, you were ignorant of the fact, that it is the most shameless slave-holding and slave-trading nation in the world, and so made no

compromise with it for favors received. Possibly, you were not at that time aware of the astounding fact, that the very same session of the American Congress which passed the resolves respecting the release of Louis Kossuth and his associates in exile, and their transportation to this country in one of its naval ships, also enacted the merciless Fugitive Slave Law—a Law, which, on account of its atrocious provisions, has convulsed even this hardened republic, and sent a thrill of horror throughout all Europe. Possibly, you were not then apprised that, in one half of the American Union, the advocates of negro emancipation are outlawed, or, whenever caught, subjected to the lynch code; that, in the other half, the wealth, the talent, the respectability, the power, the accredited piety, are combined to crush every demonstration for the extinction of slavery. But, on your arrival in England, if hitherto ignorant of these matters, you were promptly enlightened by the vigilant friends of universal freedom in that country. Private and public addresses were forwarded to you from individuals and societies,—Scotland and Ireland uniting with England in these appeals to your moral sense,—expressly in reference to the slavery question in America, warning you of your danger, imploring you to be true to your principles on her polluted soil, revealing to you the horrors of the American slave system, in some instances conjuring you not to cross the Atlantic, but to announce to the world your unwillingness to purchase favor at the sacrifice of honor. Nothing was left undone to purge your vision, enlighten your understanding, or affect your heart. It does not yet appear that you had the courtesy or courage, even in England, to make a single reply to those philanthropic and Christian appeals, or in any speech to allude to the subject of American slavery.

It is plain, therefore, that you came to these shores with your eyes open, your mind intelligently informed, your conscience thoroughly probed; — came, alas! not to be faithful, but time-serving — not to temper praise with reproof, but to deal in wholesale flattery — not to maintain an erect position, but to bend the knee to "the dark spirit of slavery," so that the cause of Hungary might prosper! You are doubly criminal; for you not only omit to rebuke this nation for the glaring inconsistency of its practice with its professions, but you have already exhausted the language of eulogy upon its Union, its Constitution, its institutions, its greatness and power, its freedom and purity, its humanity and piety. In no instance do you qualify your praise, or hint at any thing to be lamented in our national career. The vanity of our countrymen is proverbial, and never has it been so skilfully or pro-

fusely administered to as by your own hand. That a candid world may see, at a glance, the prodigality of your flattery, we place in one column a few specimens culled from your various speeches; and then, in an opposite column, to show how widely at variance with the truth are your encomiums — what deeds of horror, oppression and blood are legalized in the United States — we present some of the features of our slave system: —

"May your kind anticipations of me be not disappointed! I am a plain man. I have nothing in me but honest fidelity to those principles which have made you great, and my most ardent wish is that my own country may be, if not great as yours, *at least as free and as happy*, which it will be in the establishment of the same great principles. The sounds I now hear seem to me the trumpet of resurrection for down-trodden humanity throughout the world." —[*Reply to Dr. Doane, at Staten Island.*]

"The twelve hours that I have had the honor and happiness to stand on *your glorious shores* give me a happy augury of the fact that during my stay here in the United States, I shall have a pleasant duty to perform — to answer the many manifestations of the generous puplic spirit of the people of this country. * * * Citizens, accept my fervent thanks for your generous welcome on my arrival to *your happy shores*, and my blessing upon you for the sanction of my hopes which you express. You have most truly expressed what my hopes are, when you tell me what you consider the destiny of *your glorious country* to be — when you tell me that henceforth *the spirit of liberty* shall go forth and achieve the freedom of the world. * * * I confidently hope, citizens, that as you have anticipated my wishes by the expression of your generous sentiments, even so will you agree with me in the conviction, that *the spirit of liberty has not only spiritually but materially to go forth from your glorious country, in order that it may achieve the freedom of the world.* The spirit itself is the inspiring power to deeds, but yet no *deed* in itself; and you need not be told that those who would be free must, besides being inspired, also 'strike the blow.' Despotism and oppression never yet were beaten, except by heroic resolution, and vigorous, manly resistance. That is a sad necessity, but it is a necessity nevertheless. I have so learned it out of the great book of history. I hope the people of the United States will remember that, in the hour of *their* nation's glorious struggle, they received from Europe *more* than kind wishes and friendly sympathy. They received material aid from others in times past, and they will doubtless impart now their mighty agency in achieving the liberty of other lands."

"Citizens, I thank you that you have addressed me through your speaker, not in the language of party, but in *the language of liberty, and therefore the language of the people of the United States.*" * * *

"Take, for instance, *the glorious struggle you had not long ago with Mexico*, in which General Scott drove out the President of that republic from his capital. Now, suppose General Santa Anna had come to Washington, and

PROFESSION.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness."—[Declaration of American Independence.

PRACTICE.

By the census of 1790, the number of SLAVES in the United States was six hundred and ninety-seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

In 1800, eight hundred and ninety-three thousand and forty-one

In 1810, one million one hundred and ninety-one thousand three hundred and sixty-four.

In 1820, one million five hundred and thirty-eight thousand and sixty-four.

In 1830, two millions and nine thousand and thirty-one.

In 1840, two millions four hundred and eighty-seven thousand three hundred and fifty-five.

In 1850, THREE MILLIONS ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE.

"Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed and adjudged in law to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators and assigns, to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever."—[Law of South Carolina. 2 Brev. Dig. 229.

"A slave is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labor: he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything but what must belong to his master."—[Civil Code of Louisiana, Art. 35.

"The slave is one doomed in his own person, and in his posterity, to live without knowledge, and without capacity to make any thing his own, and to toil that others may reap the fruits. . . The end is the profit of the master, his security, and the public peace. . . The power of the master must be absolute to render the submission of the slave perfect. . . In the actual condition of things, it must be so. There is no remedy. This discipline belongs to slavery."—[Opinion of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, delivered by Judge Ruffin, State *vs.* Mann, 2 Dev. Rep. 263.

"The system of slavery denies to a whole class of human beings the sacredness of marriage and of home, compelling them to live in a state of concubinage; for, in the eye of the

driven away President Taylor, would General Taylor have ceased to be the rightfully elected President of the United States, from the fact that a foreign power had, for a moment, forced him to leave his place? I believe there is not a single man in the United States who would say yes."—[*Speech at Staten Island.*]

"Let me, before I go to work, have some hours of rest upon *this soil of freedom*, your happy home. Freedom and Home! what heavenly music in those two words! Alas, I have no home, and the freedom of my people is down-trodden. *Young Giant of free America*, do not tell me that thy shores are *an asylum to the oppressed*, and a home for the homeless exile. An asylum it is, but all the blessings of *your glorious country*, can they drown into oblivion the longing of the heart, and the fond desires, for our native land?

* * * * *

"Even here, with this prodigious view of greatness, *freedom*, and happiness, which spreads before my astonished eyes, my thoughts are wandering towards home; and when I look over these thousands of thousands before me, the happy inheritance of yonder *freedom for which your fathers fought and bled*—and when I turn to you, citizens, to bow before the majesty of the United States, and to thank the people of New York for their generous share in my liberation, and for the unparalleled honor of this reception, I see, out of the very midst of this great assemblage, rise the bleeding image of Hungary, looking to you with anxiety whether there be in the lustre of your eyes a ray of hope for her; whether there be in the thunder of your hurrahs, a trumpet-call of resurrection. If there were no such ray of hope in your eyes, and no such trumpet-call in your cheers, then *wo to Europe's oppressed nations!* They will stand alone in the hour of need. Less fortunate than you were, they will meet no brother's hand to help them in the approaching giant struggle against the leagued despots of the world; and wo also to me. I will feel no joy even here, and the days of my stay here will turn out to be lost for my father-land—lost at the very time when every moment is teeming in the decision of Europe's destiny.

* * * * *

"I have to thank the people, Congress and Government of the United States, for my liberation from captivity. Human tongue has no words to express the bliss which I felt when I—the down-trodden Hungary's wandering chief—saw *the glorious flag of the stripes and stars fluttering over my head*—when I first bowed before it with deep respect—when I saw around me the gallant officers and the crew of the Mississippi frigate—the most of them the worthiest representatives of true *American principles*, *American greatness*, *American generosity*—and to think that it was not a mere chance which cast the star-spangled banner around me, but that it was *your protecting will*—to know that *the United States of America, conscious of their glorious calling as well as of their power, declared by this unparalleled act to be resolved to become the protectors of human rights*—to see a powerful vessel of America coming to far Asia, to break the chains by which the mightiest despots of Europe fettered the activity of an exiled Magyar, whose very name disturbed the proud security of their sleep—to feel restored by such a protection, and in such a way, to freedom, and by law, no colored slave-man is the husband of any wife in particular, nor any slave-woman the wife of any husband in particular; no slave-man is the father of any children in particular, and no slave child is the child of any parent in particular."—[Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, D. D. of the Presbyterian Church, himself a slave-holder in Kentucky.

If more than seven slaves are found together in any road, without a white person, twenty lashes a piece; for visiting a plantation without a written pass, ten lashes; for letting loose a boat from where it is made fast, thirty-nine lashes for the first offence—and for the second, shall have cut off from his head one ear; for keeping or carrying a club, thirty-nine lashes; for having any article for sale, without a ticket from his master, ten lashes; for travelling in any other than the most usual and accustomed road, when going alone to any place, forty lashes; for travelling in the night, without a pass, forty lashes; for being found in another person's negro-quarters, forty lashes; for hunting with dogs in the woods, thirty lashes; for being on horseback without the written permission of his master, twenty-five lashes; for riding or going abroad in the night, or riding horses in the day time, without leave, a slave may be whipped, cropped, or branded in the cheek with the letter R, or otherwise punished, not extending to life, or so as to render him unfit for labor—&c. &c. &c.—[Laws of the Slave States.—See 2 Brevard's Digest, Haywood's Manual, 1 Virginia Revised Code, Prince's Digest, Missouri Laws, Mississippi Revised Code.

"If any emancipated slave (infants excepted) shall remain within the State more than twelve months after his or her right to freedom shall have accrued, he or she shall forfeit all such right, and may be apprehended and sold by the overseers of the poor, &c. for the benefit of the literary fund."—[Rev. Code of Virginia, 436.

"Every negro or mulatto found within the State, and not having the ability to show himself entitled to freedom, may be sold, by order of the court, as a slave."—[Mississippi Rev. Code, 389.

By T. J. Walsh & Co.—Private sale. 1 Berkshire Sow, four months old; 1 Sussex Boar Pig, 2½ months old. A Negro Man, aged about 38; a carpenter. *Titles undoubted.*

Cook at Private Sale.—Will be sold at private sale, a mulatto woman, named Mary, about 48 years of age, a good cook, washer and ironer, a fair pastry cook, perfectly honest, and very cleanly, and kind and attentive to children. If not sold on the first Monday of July next, she will then be offered at public auction. Apply to T. E. BAKER, or JOHN STUBBS.

Cow and Calf for Sale.—A prime young milch cow and calf, for sale as above.—[South Carolinian.

Administrator's Sale.—On the first Tuesday in May next, within the legal hours of sale, before the Court House in Effingham County, the following property, belonging to the estate of Gideon C. Bevill, late of Chatham County, deceased: Two Timber Carriages, one Wood Flat, one Jack Screw, one Writing

freedom to activity, you may be well aware of what I have felt, and still feel, at the remembrance of this proud moment of my life. Others spoke—*you acted; and I was free!* You acted; and *at this act of yours, tyrants trembled; humanity shouted out with joy; the down-trodden people of Magyars*—the down-trodden, but not broken—raised his head with resolution and with hope, and *the brilliancy of your stars was greeted by Europe's oppressed nations as the morning star of rising liberty.* Now, gentlemen, you must be aware how boundless the gratitude must be which I feel for you. You have restored me to life—because restored to activity; and should my life, by the blessings of the Almighty, still prove useful to my fatherland, and to humanity, it will be your merit—it will be your work. May you and *your glorious country* be blessed for it. * *

"What is the motive of my being here at this very time? The motive, citizens, is, that your generous act of my liberation has raised the conviction throughout the world, that this generous act of yours is but the manifestation of your resolution to throw your weight into the balance where the fate of the European continent is to be weighed. You have raised the conviction throughout the world, that by my liberation you were willing to say, '*Ye oppressed nations of old Europe's continent, be of good cheer; the young giant of America stretches his powerful arm over the waves, ready to give a brother's hand to your future.*' So is your act interpreted throughout the world. You, in your proud security, can scarcely imagine how beneficial this conviction has already proved to the suffering nations of the European continent. You can scarcely imagine what self-confidence you have added to the resolution of the oppressed. You have knit the tie of solidarity in the destinies of nations." * * * *

"Your generous act of my liberation is taken by the world for the revelation of the fact, that *the United States are resolved not to allow the despots of the world to trample on oppressed humanity.* It is hence that my liberation was cheered, from Sweden down to Portugal, as a ray of hope. It is hence that even those nations which most desire my presence in Europe now, have unanimously told me, 'Hasten on, hasten on to *the great, free, rich and powerful people of the United States*, and bring over its brotherly aid to the cause of your country, so intimately connected with European liberty;' and here I stand to plead the cause of the solidarity of human rights before the great republic of the United States. Humble as I am, *God, the Almighty, has selected me to represent the cause of humanity before you.* My warrant to this capacity is written in *the sympathy and confidence of all who are oppressed*, and of all who, as your elder brother, the people of Britannia, sympathise with the oppressed—my warrant to this capacity is written in the hopes and expectations you have entitled the world to entertain, by liberating me out of my prison, and by restoring me to activity." * * * *

"The people of England desire the brotherly alliance of the United States to secure to every nation the sovereign right to dispose of itself, and to protect the sovereign right of nations against the encroaching arrogance of despots, and leagued to you against the league of despots, to stand, together with you, godfather to the approaching baptism of European liberty. Now, gentlemen, I have stated

Desk, two Negro Men, Adam and Fraiser, 100 acres of Land, &c.

E. W. Solomons, Adm'r.

35 Likely Negroes for Sale.—The subscriber having purchased Byrd Hill's old stand, on Adams street, will keep a good lot of Negroes, fresh from North Carolina, Virginia, and Middle Tennessee. A partner is now in Richmond, Va., and will buy a lot of plough boys and small girls for the Spring trade, and will be out soon. I have ample room to accommodate traders, and board negroes, and sell on commission, &c. Benj. Little.

Negroes for Sale.—A likely young mulatto fellow, about 20 years old; a boy, black, about 28 years old; a boy, dark mulatto, 27 years of age. The above negroes are warranted sound, and will be sold low for cash by

McKeen & Maffitt.

☞ Speculators in slaves are found on every Court Yard, and at every hiring ground where slaves are to be disposed of. We would therefore recommend to such of our readers as have negroes to sell, to keep a steady eye upon the market, as this species of property seems to be steadily improving in point of value.—[North Carolina paper.

Ranaway, on Wednesday last, my Mulatto Woman, Louise, about 27 years of age, 5 feet 2 inches in height, hair nearly straight, and is quite fleshy. She speaks the French and Spanish languages, and is shrewd and intelligent. I will give fifty dollars for her detention and delivery to me.

George Schumaker.

$100 Reward will be given for the apprehension of my negro, Edward Kenney. He has straight hair, and complexion so nearly white, that it is believed a stranger would suppose that there was no African blood in him. He was with my boy Dick a short time in Norfolk, and offered him for sale, and was apprehended, but escaped under pretence of being a white man(!) Anderson Bowles.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 6, 1836.

Ranaway from the subscriber, working on the plantation of Col. H. Tinker, a bright mulatto boy, named Alfred. Alfred is about 18 years old, pretty well grown, has blue eyes, light flaxen hair, skin disposed to freckle. He will try to pass as free-born.

Green County, Ala. S. G. Stewart.

$100 Reward.—Ranaway from the subscriber, a bright mulatto man-slave, named Sam. Light sandy hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion; is so white as very easily to pass for a free white man. Edwin Peck.

Mobile, April 22, 1837.

Ranaway, on the 15th of May, from me, a negro woman, named Fanny. Said woman is 20 years old; is rather tall; can read and write, and so forge passes for herself; is very pious. She prays a great deal, and was, as supposed, (!) contented and happy(!) She is as white as most white women, with straight light hair, and blue eyes, and can pass herself for a white woman. I will give $500 for her apprehension and delivery to me. She is very intelligent. John Balch.

Tuscaloosa, May 29, 1845.

my position. I am a straight-forward man. I am a republican. I have avowed it openly in monarchical, but free England; and I am happy to state that I have nothing lost by this avowal there. I hope I will not lose here, in republican America, by that frankness, which must be one of the chief qualities of every republican." * * * *

"I profess, highly and openly, my admiration for *the glorious principle of union, on which stands the mighty pyramid of your greatness*, and upon the basis of which you have grown, in the short period of seventy-five years, to a prodigious giant, the living wonder of the world. I have the most warm wish that the star-spangled banner of the United States may for ever be floating, united and one, *the proud ensign of mankind's divine origin;* and, taking my ground on *this principle of union, which I find lawfully existing*, an established constitutional fact, it is not to a party, but to the united people of the United States, that I confidently will address my humble requests for *aid and protection to oppressed humanity*. I will conscientiously respect your laws, but within the limits of your laws, I will use every honest exertion to gain your operative sympathy, and your financial, material and political aid for my country's freedom and independence, and entreat the realization of these hopes which your generosity has raised in me and my people's breasts, and *also in the breasts of Europe's oppressed nations*." * * *

"As to your minister at Vienna, how can you combine the letting him stay there with your opinion of the cause of Hungary, I really don't know; but so much I know, that the present absolutistical atmosphere of Europe is not very propitious to American principles. I know a man who could tell some curious facts about this matter. But as to Mr. Hulsemann, really I don't believe that he would be so ready to leave Washington. He has extremely well digested the caustic pills which Mr. Webster has administered to him so gloriously." * * *

"Having thus expounded my aim, I beg leave to state, that I came not to *your glorious shores* to enjoy a happy rest — I came not with the intention to gather triumphs of personal distinction, but as a humble petitioner, in my country's name, as its freely chosen constitutional chief, *humbly to entreat your generous aid;* and then it is to this aim that I will devote every moment of my time, with the more assiduity, the more restlessness, as every moment may bring a report of events which may call me to hasten to my place on the battle field, where the great, and I hope *the last battle will be fought between Liberty and Despotism* — a moment marked by the finger of God to be so near, that every hour of delay of your generous aid may prove fatally disastrous to *oppressed humanity*." * * *

"Lafayette had great claims to your love and sympathy. But I have none. I came a humble petitioner, *with no other claims than those which the oppressed have to the sympathy of free men*, who have the power to help; with the claim which the unfortunate has to the happy; and the down-trodden has to the protection of eternal justice and of human rights. In a word, I have *no other claims than those which the oppressed principle of freedom has to the aid of victorious liberty*. Then I would humbly ask, are these claims sufficient to insure your generous protection, not to myself, but to the cause of my native land — not to my native land only, but to the principle of

$200 Reward.—Ranaway from the subscriber, last November, a white (!) negro man, about 35 years old, height about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches, blue eyes, has a yellow woolly head, very fair skin. He was lately known to be working on the railroad in Alabama, near Moore's Turn Out, and passed as a white man, by the name of Jesse Teams. I will give $500 for sufficient proof to convict, in open court, any man who carried him away.

J. D. Allen.

P. S. Said man has a good-shaped foot and leg, and his foot is very small and hollow.

Barnwell Court House, L. C.

Ten dollars reward for my woman Siby, very much scarred about the neck and ears by whipping.—[Mobile Commercial Advertiser.

One hundred dollars reward for my negro Glasgow, and Kate, his wife. Glasgow is 24 years old—has marks of the whip on his back. Kate is 26—has a scar on her cheek, and several marks of a whip.—[Macon, Georgia, Messenger.

Ranaway, Bill—has several large scars on his back from a severe whipping in early life. [Baltimore, Maryland, Republican.

Ranaway, negro fellow John—from being whipped, has scars on his back, arms, and thighs.—[Milledgeville, Georgia, Standard of Union.

Committed to jail, a mulatto fellow—his back shows lasting impressions of the whip, and leaves no doubt of his being a slave.—[Fayetteville, North Carolina, Observer.

Ranaway, the negro Manuel, much marked with irons.—[New Orleans, Louisiana, Bee.

Ranaway, the negress Fanny—had on an iron band about her neck.—[New Orleans Bee.

Ranaway, a black woman, Betsey—had an iron bar on her right leg.—[Grand Gulf, Mississippi, Advertiser.

Ranaway, a negro man named David—with some iron hobbles around each ankle.—[Staunton, Virginia, Spectator.

Ranaway, the negro Hown—has a ring of iron on his left foot. Also, Grise, his wife, having a ring and chain on the left leg.—[New Orleans Bee.

Committed to jail, a man who calls his name John—he has a clog of iron on his right foot, which will weigh four or five pounds.—[Montgomery, Alabama, Advertiser.

Detained at the police jail, the negro wench Myra—has several marks of lashing, and has irons on her feet.—[New Orleans paper.

Was committed to jail, a negro boy—had on a large neck iron, with a huge pair of horns, and a large bar or band of iron on his left leg.—[Memphis, Tennessee, Times.

Ranaway, a negro boy about twelve years old—had round his neck a chain dog-collar, with "De Yampert" engraved on it.—[Mobile, Alabama, Chronicle.

freedom in Europe's continent, of which the independence of Hungary is the indispensable keystone. If you consider these claims not sufficient to your active and operative sympathy, then let me know at once that the hopes have failed with which Europe's oppressed nations have looked to *your great, mighty and glorious republic* — let me know at once the failure of our hopes, that I may hasten back and tell *Europe's oppressed nations*, 'Let us fight, forsaken and single-handed, the battle of Leonidas; let us trust to God, to our right, and to our good sword; there is no other help for the oppressed nations on earth.' But if *your generous republican hearts* are animated by the high principle of freedom and of the solidarity in the destinies of humanity — if you have the will, as, to be sure, you have the power, to *support the cause of freedom against the sacrilegious league of despotism*, then give me some days of calm reflection to become acquainted with the ground upon which I stand — let me take the kind advice of some active friends on the most practical course I have to adopt—let me see if there be any preparatory steps taken in favor of that cause which I have the honor to represent; and then, let me have a new opportunity to expound before you my humble request in a practical way; and let me add, with a sigh of thanksgiving to the Almighty God, that it is *your glorious country which Providence has selected to be the pillar of freedom, as it is already the asylum to oppressed humanity.*

"I am told that I will have the high honor to review your patriotic militia. O God! how my heart throbs at the idea *to see this gallant army enlisted on the side of freedom against despotism;* the world would be free, and you the saviours of humanity. And why not? These gallant men take part in the mighty demonstration of the day, proving that I was right when I said that now-a-days even the bayonets think. Citizens of New York, *it is under your protection that I place the sacred cause of the freedom and independence of Hungary.*" * * —[*Reply to the Mayor's Address of Welcome at New York.*]

"I am aware that your war with Mexico was carried on chiefly by volunteers. . . It is a duty to confess, that those who fought in that war have high claims to an acknowledgment of their brilliant achievements . . I know what distinguished part the volunteers of New York took in that war—in the siege of Vera Cruz, in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Molino del Rey, Cherubusco, and Chapultepec, and how they partook in the immense glory of entering—a handful of gallant men—the metropolis of Mexico."

"History shows eminently this truth, that YOU ARE ENTITLED TO CALL YOURSELVES FREEMEN. —[*Reply to the Address of Citizens of New Haven.*]

"I feel that to command the sympathy of generous minds is but to show the true position of Hungary, and the ground on which its future rests. By this attention, which has marked your address, and all other addresses received since I have arrived on *these glorious shores of America*, my work and my mission in this country will be greatly facilitated, because it will not be necessary for me to try to explain my views, nor to persuade the people of the United States; for they already under-

Runaway, a negro girl called Mary—has a small scar over her eye, a good many teeth missing; the letter A is branded on her cheek and forehead.—[Natchez, Mississippi, Courier.

Runaway, Mary, a black woman—has a scar on her back and right arm near the shoulder, caused by a rifle ball.—[Natchez Courier.

Twenty dollars reward—Runaway from the subscriber, a negro girl named Molly—16 or 17 years of age, slim made, lately branded on her left cheek, thus, R, and a piece taken off of her ear on the same side; the same letter on the inside of both her legs.—[Charleston, S. C. Courier.

Twenty dollars reward—Runaway from the subscriber, a negro woman and two children; the woman is tall and black, and a few days before she went off, I burnt her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M—and she kept a cloth over her head and face, and a fly bonnet on her head, so as to cover the burn.—[North Carolina Standard.

Runaway, from the plantation of James Surgett, the following negroes: Randall—has one ear cropped; Bob—has lost one eye; Kentucky Tom—has one jaw broken.—[Southern Telegraph.

Stolen, a negro man named Winter—has a notch cut out of the left ear, and the marks of four or five buck shot on his legs.—[Natchitoches, Louisiana, Herald.

Committed to jail, a negro named Mike—his left ear off.—[Natchez Free Trader.

Runaway Bill—has a scar over one eye, also one on his leg, from the bite of a dog—has a burn on his buttock, from a piece of hot iron in the shape of T.—[New Orleans Bulletin.

Runaway, my slave Lewis—he has lost a piece of one ear, and a part of one of his fingers; a part of one of his toes is also lost.—[Mobile Chronicle.

Was committed to jail a negro man, says his name is Josiah—his back very much scarred by the whip, and branded on the thigh and hips, in three or four places, thus (J. M.) —the rim of his right ear has been bit or cut off.—[Clinton, Mississippi, Gazette.

Runaway a negro named Henry—his left eye out, some scars from a dirk on and under his left arm, and much scarred with the whip. [Lexington, Kentucky, Observer.

Fifty dollars reward, for my fellow Edward —he has a scar on the corner of his mouth, two cuts on and under his arm, and the letter E on his arm.—[Charleston, South Carolina, Courier.

One hundred dollars reward will be paid to any person who may apprehend and safely confine in any jail in this State, a certain negro man, named Alfred. And the same reward will be paid, if satisfactory evidence is given of his having been KILLED. He has one or more scars on one of his hands, caused by his having been shot.—[Wilmington, North Carolina, Advertiser.

stand it, and *they are already persuaded that my cause merits their sympathy and support;* and they are convinced, because they have paid attention to the views, hopes, and aims of my nation." * * * *

"I come here with the humble prayers of Hungary and my own, seeking for sympathy and aid, not to one party, but to the whole people of the United States. *When I see the whole people of this great confederacy*—not of one party, but of all parties—coming forward to stretch out *a friendly hand to my poor country*, I put my trust in the God of mercy and justice, that he will ere long set Hungary free, and place her in the position she ought to hold in the scale of nations. It will be sufficient reward for me, even at the sacrifice of my life, if my efforts, aided by the generosity of your nation, shall contribute to the redemption of my country, and the development of all those moral and material faculties which are necessary to the welfare of every nation."—[*Reply to the Address of a Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.*]

"I wish the free women of free America will help my down-trodden land to get out of that iron grasp, or to get out of those bloody fangs, and become independent and free. * * * But I have a stronger motive than all these to claim your protecting sympathy for my country's cause. It is her nameless woes, nameless sufferings. In the name of that ocean of bloody tears which the sacrilegious hand of the tyrant wrung from the eyes of the childless mothers, of the brides who beheld the hangman's sword between them and their wedding day—in the name of all those mothers, wives, brides, daughters and sisters, who, by thousands of thousands, weep over the graves of Magyars so dear to their hearts, and weep the bloody tears of a patriot (as they all are) over the face of their beloved native land—in the name of all those torturing stripes with which the flogging hand of Austrian tyrants dared to outrage humanity in the womankind of my native land—in the name of that daily curse against Austria with which even the prayers of our women are mixed — in the name of the nameless sufferings of my own dear wife, (here the whole audience rose and cheered vehemently,)—the faithful companion of my life—of her who for months and for months was hunted by my country's tyrants, like a noble deer, not having, for months, a moment's rest to repose her wearied head in safety, and no hope, no support, no protection but at the humble threshold of the hard-working people, as noble and generous as they are poor—(applause)—in the name of my poor little children, who so young are scarcely conscious of their life, had already to learn what an Austrian prison is—in the name of all this, and what is still worse, in the name of down-trodden liberty, I claim, ladies of New York, your protecting sympathy for my country's cause. Nobody can do more for it than you. The heart of man is as soft wax in your tender hands. Mould it, ladies; mould it into the form of generous compassion for my country's wrongs, inspire it with the noble feelings of your own hearts, inspire it with the consciousness of your country's power, dignity and might." * * *

"All this power you have. Use it, ladies, use it in behalf of your country's glory, and for the benefit of oppressed humanity; and when

Ranaway, my negro man Richard. A reward of $25 will be paid for his apprehension, DEAD OR ALIVE. Satisfactory proof will only be required of his being KILLED.—[Same paper.

Three hundred dollars reward—Ranaway from the subscriber in November last, his two negro men, named Billy and Pompey. Billy in all probability may resist; in that event, $50 will be paid for HIS HEAD.—[Charleston Courier.

Two hundred dollars reward—Ranaway from the subscriber, a certain negro named Ben; he had but one eye. Also, one other negro, by the name of Rigdon. I will give the reward of $100 for each of the above negroes, to be delivered to me, or confined in the jail of Lenori or Jones county, or for the KILLING of them, so that I can see them.—[Newbern, North Carolina, Spectator.

From the Wilmington, N. C. Journal.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

WHEREAS, complaint upon oath hath this day been made to us, two of the Justices of the Peace for the State and county aforesaid, by Guildford Horn, of Edgecombe County, that a certain male slave belonging to him, named HARRY, a carpenter by trade, about 40 years old, 5 feet 5 inches high, or thereabouts, yellow complexion, stout built, with a scar on his left leg, (from the cut of an axe,) has very thick lips, eyes deep sunk in his head, forehead very square, tolerably loud voice, has lost one or two of his upper teeth, and has a very dark spot on his jaw, supposed to be a mark—hath absented himself from his master's service, and is supposed to be lurking about in this county, committing acts of felony or other misdeeds: These are, therefore, in the name of the State aforesaid, to command said slave forthwith to surrender himself, and return home to his said master; and we do hereby, by virtue of the Act of Assembly in such cases made and provided, intimate and declare that if said slave Harry doth not surrender himself, and return home immediately after the publication of these presents, that any person or persons may KILL and DESTROY the said slave by such means as he or they may think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime or offence for so doing, and without incurring any penalty or forfeiture thereby.

Given under our hands and seals, this 29th day of June, 1850.

JAMES T. MILLER, J. P. [Seal.]
W. C. BETTENCOUT, J. P. [Seal.]

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD will be paid for the delivery of the said HARRY to me at Tonsott Depot, Edgecombe county, or for his confinement in any jail in the State, so that I can get him; or One Hundred and Fifty Dollars will be given for his HEAD.

He was lately heard from in Newbern, where he called himself Henry Barnes (or Burns,) and will be likely to continue the same name, or assume that of Coppage or Farmer. He has a free mulatto woman for a wife, by the name of Sally Bozeman, who has lately removed to Wilmington, and lives in that part of the town called Texas, where he will likely be lurking.

Masters of vessels are particularly cautioned against harboring or concealing said negro on

you meet a cold calculator, who thinks by arithmetic when he is called to feel the wrongs of oppressed nations, convert him, ladies."—[*Address to the Ladies of New York in Tripler Hall.*]

"I am sure that the sympathy of Baltimore (!) will be such as to respect the cause of Hungary, for the people and the authorities act in perfect harmony together in this FREE country. . . I am not egotistical for myself, but for the great principles of liberty, which makes your country so great, so glorious, and so free, and also the land of PROTECTION for THE PERSECUTED SONS OF FREEDOM among the great brotherhood of nations."

"As to your glorious Constitution. . . Never forget to love it. . . Your glorious country. . . The glorious republic of the United States. . . Great, glorious and free. . . Let not the enemies of freedom grow too strong (!!). . . Absolutism cannot tranquilly sleep while the Republican principle has such a mighty representative as your country is (!!!). . . The United States of America is a great, glorious and free country, under Republican government . . I believe your glorious country should every where unfurl the star-spangled banner of liberty. . . The United States number many millions of inhabitants, all attached with warm feelings to the principles of liberty. . . You took me for the representative of that principle of liberty which God has destined to become the common benefit of humanity; and it is a glorious sight to see a mighty, free, powerful people come forth to greet with such a welcome the principle of freedom, even in a poor, persecuted, penniless exile. . . Through all posterity, oppressed men will look to your memory as a token of God, that there is a hope for freedom on earth, because there is a people like you (!!) to feel its worth and to support its cause. . . Europe has many things to learn from America: it has to learn the value of free institutions, and the expansive power of freedom."

"Happy art thou, free nation of America, that thou hast founded thy house upon the only solid basis of a nation's liberty! Thou hast no tyrants among thee, to throw the apple of Eros in thy Union. Thou hast no tyrants among thee, to raise the fury of hatred in thy national family—hatred of nations, that curse of humanity, that venomous instrument of despotism."

"A tempest-tossed life has somewhat sharpened the eyes of my soul; and had it not even done so, still I would dare say, I know how to read your people's heart. It is so easy to read it, because it is open, like nature, and unpolluted, (!) like a virgin's heart (!!) May others shut their ears to the cry of oppressed humanity, because they regard duties but through the glass of petty interests. Your people has that instinct of justice and generosity (!) which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin; and it is conscious of your country's power; it is jealous of its own dignity; it knows that it has the power to restore the law of nations to the principles of justice and right; and knowing itself to have the power, it is willing to be as good as its power is great." (!)

I am here on the free ground of free America (!) . . board their vessels, as the full penalty of the law will be rigorously enforced.

GUILFORD HORN.

June 29th, 1850.

Ten silver dollars reward will be paid for apprehending and delivering to me my man Moses, who ran away this morning; or I will give *five times the sum* to any person who will make due proof of his being KILLED, and never ask a question to know by whom it is done.

W. SKINNER,
Clerk of the County of Perquinous, N. C.

About the 1st of March last, the negro man Ransom left me without the least provocation whatever. I will give a reward of twenty dollars for said negro, if taken DEAD OR ALIVE; and if KILLED in any attempt, *an advance of five dollars will be paid.*

BRYANT JOHNSON,
Crawford County, Georgia.

From the Sumpter County (Alabama) Whig.

NEGRO DOGS.—The undersigned, having bought the entire pack of negro dogs, (of the Hay & Allen stock,) he now proposes to catch runaway negroes. His charges will be $3 a day for hunting, and $15 for catching, north of Livingston, near the lower Jones' Bluff road.

WILLIAM GAMBREL.

Nov. 6, 1845.

From the Madison (Louisiana) Journal.

NOTICE.—The subscriber, living on Carroway Lake, on Hoe's Bayou, in Carroll Parish, sixteen miles on the road leading from Bayou Mason to Lake Providence, is ready with a pack of dogs to hunt runaway negroes at any time. These dogs are well trained, and are known throughout the parish. Letters addressed to me at Providence will secure immediate attention. My terms are $5 per day for hunting the trails, whether the negro is caught or not. Where a twelve hours' trail is shown, and the negro not taken, no charge is made. For taking a negro, $25, and no charge made for hunting.

JAMES W. HALL.

Nov. 26, 1847.

☞ A negro woman, belonging to William Woods, Esq., of Clay county, Missouri, recently destroyed her three children, the oldest eight years of age, by drowning them in a creek. She afterwards told a negro man what she had done, and where they might be found, and then went and drowned herself. The children were found laid out, and protected by some boughs to shade their faces.

NEGROES FOR SALE.—I have again returned to this market, with eighteen or twenty likely negroes. I have located on the corner of Main and Adam streets. I have plough-boys, men, women, and girls, and some very fancy ones. I intend to keep a constant supply through the season, and will not be undersold by any in the market. My motto is, "the swift penny; the slow shilling" I never get. I will also pay the highest cash price for young negroes.

W. H. BOLTON.

Nov. 21, 1846.

Let an astonished world peruse, and reperuse, these extravagant and unqualified eulogiums upon this country from your lips, as "the land of protection for the persecuted sons of freedom," "the glorious republic of the United States," whose "millions of inhabitants are all attached with warm feelings to the principles of liberty," with "no tyrants among them," having "the instinct of justice and generosity," as "willing to be as good as their power is great," "the brilliancy of whose stars is greeted by Europe's oppressed nations as the morning star of rising liberty," whose "star-spangled banner is the proud ensign of mankind's divine origin," whose "glorious country Providence has selected to be the pillar of freedom, as it is already the asylum to oppressed humanity," "from which the spirit of liberty has not only spiritually but materially to go forth, in order that it may achieve the freedom of the world," &c. &c.; and then read the blood-congealing, soul-harrowing facts which are embodied in a parallel column, respecting the condition, liabilities and sufferings of more than three millions of the American population—stripped of every right—having nothing that they can call their own, except the capacity to suffer—constantly bought and sold, in lots to suit purchasers, with cattle and swine—lacerated, scarred, branded, mutilated—if fugitives, hunted with bloodhounds, shot down with rifles, in some instances a premium offered for killing them, instead of returning them alive—with the eyes of their souls bored out—under laws making it felony to teach them how to spell the name of God, or to read Christ's Sermon on the Mount;—and then record its verdict as to your language, conduct and mission among us! Must not that verdict be—"Guilty of flattery and dissimulation! Guilty of falsehood, and recreancy to principle! Guilty of striking hands with thieves, and consenting with adulterers! Guilty of compromising honor, justice, humanity, liberty!" Sir, dare you, after this exposure, repeat the solemn declaration, made by you at New York—"Humble as I am, God, the Almighty, has selected me to represent the cause of humanity before you! My warrant to this capacity is written in the sympathy and confidence of all who are oppressed!" He whom God qualifies and sends forth to testify against tyranny is faithful in the discharge of his mission; and, surely, Divine Wisdom is never so infatuated as to send him to a nation of slave-catchers and human flesh-mongers, to extol it as "the asylum of the oppressed of all nations." If you were a true witness for God, instead of suppressing the truth or dealing in flattery, you would be commissioned in this wise:—"Son of man, I send thee to the children of Israel, to a rebellious nation that

hath rebelled against me: they and their fathers have transgressed against me, even unto this very day: for they are impudent and hard-hearted. I do send thee unto them; and thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God. And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, (for they are a rebellious house,) yet SHALL KNOW THAT THERE HATH BEEN A PROPHET AMONG THEM. And thou, son of man, be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions. Hear what I say unto thee: Be not thou rebellious, like that rebellious house." [See Ezekiel, 2d chap.] If you were the heaven-inspired messenger you assume to be, you would imitate the example of another ancient prophet, who claimed for himself, "Truly, I am full of power by the spirit of the Lord, and of judgment, and of might,"—and who, in proof of the validity of this claim, spoke in the following terms:—"Hear, I pray you, O heads of Jacob, and ye princes of the house of Israel: Is it not for you to know judgment? Who hate the good, and love the evil; who pluck off their skin from off them, and their flesh from off their bones; who also eat the flesh of my people, and flay their skin from off them; and they break their bones, and chop them in pieces, (1) as for the pot, and as flesh within the caldron;

(1) To show what it is in the power of every slaveholder to do with impunity, and how literal is the language of the prophet as applied to Southern slaveholding atrocities, read the following authentic narrative from the pen of the Rev. WILLIAM DICKEY, a man of undoubted veracity, who was well acquainted with the circumstances he describes:—

"In the county of Livingston, Ky., near the mouth of Cumberland, lived Lilburn Lewis, a sister's son of the venerable Jefferson. He, 'who suckled at fair Freedom's breast,' was the wealthy owner of a considerable number of slaves, whom he drove constantly, fed sparingly, and lashed severely. The consequence was, they would run away. This must have given, to a man of spirit and a man of business, great anxieties until he found them, or until they had starved out, and returned. Among the rest was an ill grown boy about seventeen, who, having just returned from a skulking spell, was sent to the spring for water, and in returning let fall an elegant pitcher. It was dashed to shivers upon the rocks. This was the occasion. It was night, and the slaves all at home. The master had them collected into the most roomy negro-house, and a rousing fire made. When the door was secured, that none might escape, either through fear of him or sympathy with George, he opened the design of the interview, namely, that they might be effectually taught to stay at home and obey his orders. All things being now in train, he called up George, who approached his master with the most unreserved submission. He bound him with cords, and by the assistance of his younger brother, laid him on a broad bench or meat block. He now proceeded to chop off George by the ankles! It was with the broad axe! In vain did the unhappy victim scream and roar! He was completely in his master's power. Not a hand amongst so many durst interfere. Casting the feet into the fire, he lectured them at some length. He chopped him off below the knees! George roaring out, and praying his master to BEGIN AT THE OTHER END! He admonished them again, throwing the legs into the fire! Then above the knees, tossing the joints into the fire! He again lectured them at leisure. The next stroke severed the thighs from the body. These were also committed to the flames. And so off the arms, head and trunk, until all was in the fire! Still protracting the intervals with lectures, and threatenings of like punishment, in case of disobedience, and running away, or disclosure of this tragedy. Nothing now remained but to consume the flesh and bones; and for this purpose, the fire was briskly stirred, until two hours after midnight; when, as though the earth would cover out of sight the nefarious scene, and as though the great Master in heaven would put a mark of his displeasure upon such monstrous cruelty, a sudden and surprising shock of earthquake overturned the coarse and heavy back wall, composed of rock and clay, which completely covered the fire, and the remains of George. This put an end to the amusements of the evening. The negroes were now permitted to disperse, with charges to keep this matter among themselves, and never to whisper it in the neighborhood, under the penalty of a like punishment. When

who abhor judgment and pervet all equity; who build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity; (1) yet who lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us." [Micah, 2d chap.]

Instead of being thus true and faithful to this nation,—in comparison with whose turpitude, that of the ancient Jews whitens into virtue,—

he retired, the lady exclaimed, 'O! Mr. Lewis, where have you been, and what have you done!' She had heard a strange pounding, and dreadful screams, and had smelled something like fresh meat burning! He said that he had never enjoyed himself at a ball so well as he had enjoyed himself that evening.

"Sure there are bolts, red with no common wrath, to blast the man.

"Bloomingsburg, Oct. 8, 1824. WILLIAM DICKEY."

(1) In proof that this is not only figuratively but literally true in this country, read the following statement of the Rev. J. CABLE, made before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church:—

"What shocked me more than any thing else was, the church engaged in this jobbing of slaves. The college church which I attended, and which was attended by all the students of Hamden Sydney College and Union Theological Seminary, held slaves enough to pay their pastor, Mr. Stanton, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS a year, of which the church members did not pay a cent, (so I understood it.) The slaves, who had been left to the church by some pious mother in Israel, had increased so as to be a large and still increasing fund. These were hired out on Christmas day of each year, the day in which they celebrate the birth of our blessed Saviour, to the highest bidder.

"There are four other churches near the College Church, that were in the same situation with this, when I was in that country, that supported the pastor, in whole or in part, in the same way, viz.: Cumberland Church, John Kirkpatrick, pastor; Briny Church, William Plummer, pastor, (since Dr. P. of Richmond;) Buffalo Church, Mr. Cochran, pastor; Pisga Church, near the peaks of Otter, J. Mitchell, pastor."

The following advertisement is from the Charleston, S. C., Courier, of Feb. 12, 1832:—

"FIELD NEGROES.

"By Thomas Gadsden. On Tuesday, the 17th inst., will be sold, at the North of the Exchange, at 10 o'clock, A. M., a prime gang of

TEN NEGROES,

accustomed to the culture of cotton and provisions, belonging to the Independent Church, in Christ's Church Parish.

"Feb. 6th."

In 1833, the Rev. Dr. Furman, of South Carolina, addressed a lengthy communication to the Governor of that State, expressing the sentiments of the Baptist Church and clergy on the subject of slavery. This brief extract contains the essence of the whole:—

"The right of holding slaves is clearly established in the Holy Scriptures, both by precept and example."

Not long after, Dr. Furman died. His legal representatives thus advertised his property:—

"NOTICE.

"On the first Monday of February next, will be put up at *public auction*, before the *court house*, the *following property*, belonging to the estate of the late Rev. Dr. FURMAN, viz.:—

"A plantation or tract of land, on and in the Wataree Swamp. A tract of the first quality of fine land, on the waters of Black River. A lot of land in the town of Camden. A LIBRARY of a miscellaneous character, CHIEFLY THEOLOGICAL.

27 NEGROES,

some of them very prime. Two mules, one horse, and an old wagon."

The Savannah, Ga., Republican of the 13th of March, 1845, contains an advertisement, one item of which is as follows:—

"Also, at the same time and place, the following negro slaves, to wit: Charles, Peggy, Antonnette, Davy, September, Maria, Jenny, and Isaac—levied on as the property of Henry T. Hall, to satisfy a mortgage fi. fia. issued out of McIntosh Superior Court, in favor of the Board of Directors of the *Theological Seminary of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia*, vs. said Henry T. Hall. Conditions, cash.

"C. O'NEAL,
"Deputy Sheriff, M. C."

your powers of speech are tasked in framing compliments and panegyrics. Whether at New York, Baltimore, or Washington,—whether on soil nominally free, as in Pennsylvania, or on soil saturated with the blood of its slave population, as in Maryland,—your praise of the government and people, the institutions and laws of the United States, continues indiscriminate and unmeasured. In one of your speeches in England, you said—"I meet, in certain quarters, the remark that I am slippery, and evade the question. Now, on the point of sincerity, I am particularly susceptible. I have the sentiment of being a plain, honest man, and I would not be charged with having entered by stealth into the sympathies of England, without displaying my true colors." Sir, is it the part of "a plain, honest man" to pursue a course so tortuous as this? Has there been nothing "slippery" in your conduct, no studied avoidance of the subject, no concealment of your real feelings and sentiments, in regard to our colossal slave system? Are you not seeking to "enter by stealth into the sympathies of" America, so as to secure her co-operation in aid of Hungary, by pandering to her vanity, and holding her up to the world not only as without blemish, but as radiant with beauty and covered with glory?

In striking contrast with your exalted estimate of this slaveholding republic was the view taken of it by the great champion of Irish liberation, and the outspoken opponent of tyranny in every quarter of the globe, the late DANIEL O'CONNELL! Read the following extracts from his numerous speeches, extending over a period of twenty years:—

I now come to America, the boasted land of freedom; and here I find slavery, which they not only tolerate, but extend, justified and defended as a legacy left them by us. It is but too true. But I would say unto them, you threw off the allegiance you owed us, because you thought we were oppressing you with the Stamp Act. You boasted of your deliverance from slavery. On what principle, then, do you now continue your fellow-men in bondage, and render that bondage even more galling by ringing in the ears of the sufferers from your tyranny, what *you* have done, what *you* have suffered, for freedom? They may retaliate upon us. They may reply by allusions to the slaveries we have established or encouraged. But what would be thought of that man who should attempt to justify the crime of sheep-stealing, by alleging that another stole sheep too? Would such a defence be listened to? Oh, no; and I will say unto you, freemen of America, and the press will convey it to you almost as swift as the wind, that God understands you; that you are HYPOCRITES, TYRANTS, AND UNJUST MEN; that you are DEGRADED AND DISHONORED; and I say unto you, dare not to stand up boasting of your freedom or your privileges, while you continue to treat men, redeemed by the same blood, as the mere creatures of your will; for so long as you do so, there is a blot on your escutcheon which all the waters of the Atlantic cannot wash out.'

* * * * *

Of all men living, an American citizen, who is the owner of slaves, is the most despicable; he is a political hypocrite of the very worst description.

The friends of humanity and liberty, in Europe, should join in one universal cry of shame on the American slaveholders! 'Base wretches,' should we shout in chorus — 'base wretches, how dare you profane the temple of national freedom, the sacred fane of republican rites, with the presence and the sufferings of human beings in chains and slavery?'—[Speech delivered at an Anti-Slavery meeting in 1829.

I speak of liberty in commendation. Patriotism is a virtue, but it can be selfish. Give me the great and immortal Bolivar, the saviour and regenerator of his country. He found her a province, and he has made her a nation. His first act was to give freedom to the slaves upon his own estate. (Hear, hear.) In Colombia, all castes and all colors are free and unshackled. But how I like to contrast him with the far-famed northern heroes! George Washington! that great and enlightened character, — the soldier and the statesman,—had but one blot upon his character. He had slaves, and he gave them liberty when he wanted them no longer. (Loud cheers.) Let America, in the fullness of her pride, wave on high her banner of freedom and its blazing stars. I point to her, and say, There is one foul blot upon it; *you have negro slavery.* They may compare their struggles for freedom to Marathon and Leuctra, and point to the rifleman with his gun, amidst her woods and forests, shouting for liberty and America. In the midst of their laughter and their pride, I point them to the negro children screaming for the mother from whose bosom they have been torn. America, it is a foul stain upon your character! (Cheers.) This conduct, kept up by men who had themselves to struggle for freedom, is doubly unjust. Let them hoist the flag of liberty, with the whip and rack on one side, and the star of freedom upon the other. The Americans are a sensitive people; in fifty-four years they have increased their population from three millions to twenty millions; they have many glories that surround them, but their beams are partly shorn, for they have slaves. (Cheers.) Their hearts do not beat so strong for liberty as mine. . . . . I will call for justice, in the name of the living God, and I shall find an echo in the breast of every human being. (Cheers.)—[Speech delivered at the annual meeting of the Cork Anti-Slavery Society, 1829.

Ireland and Irishmen should be foremost in seeking to effect the emancipation of mankind. (Cheers.) . . . . . The Americans alleged that they had not perpetrated the crime, but inherited it from England. This, however, fact as it was, was still a paltry apology for America, who, asserting liberty for herself, still used the brand and the lash against others. (Hear.) He taunted America with the continuance of slavery; and the voice with which he there uttered the taunt would be wafted on the wings of the press, until it would be heard in the remote wilds of America; it would be wafted over the waters of the Missouri and those of the Mississippi; and even the slaves upon the distant banks of the Ohio would make his words resound in the ears of their heartless masters, and tell them to their face, that they were the victims of cruelty, injustice, and foul oppression. (Cheers.) Bright as was the page of American history, and brilliant as was the emblazonment of her deeds, still, negro slavery was a black, a 'damning spot' upon it. Glorious and splendid as was the star-spangled banner of republican America, still it was stained with the deep, foul blot of human blood.—[Speech delivered at a meeting of the Dublin Anti-Slavery Society, 1830.

Man cannot have property in man. Slavery is a nuisance, to be put down, *not to be compromised with;* and to be assailed without cessation and without mercy by every blow that can be levelled at the monster. . . . . Let general

principles be asserted. And as it is the cause of religion and liberty, all that is wanted is the unwearied repetition of zealous advocacy to make it certainly triumphant. *Let every man, then, in whatever position he may be placed,* do his duty in crushing that hideous tyranny, which rends the husband from the wife, the children from their parents; which enables one human being, at his uncontrolled will, to apply the lash to the back of his fellow-man.—[Speech delivered at the London Anti-Slavery Society, 1830.

We are responsible for what we do, and also for the influence of our example. Think you that the United States of America would be able to hold up their heads among the nations,—the United States, who shook off their allegiance to their sovereign, and declared that it was the right of *every man* to enjoy freedom—of every man, whether black, white, or red; who made this declaration before the God of armies, and then, when they had succeeded in their enterprise, forgot their vow, and made slaves, and used the lash and the chain,—would they dare to take their place among the nations, if it were not that England countenances them in the practice?—[Speech delivered at the General Meeting of the British Anti-Slavery Society, 1831.

My claim to be heard at all on this occasion is included in one sentence—I am an abolitionist. (Cheering.) I am for speedy, immediate abolition. (Renewed cheers.) I care not what caste, creed, or color, slavery may assume. I am for its total, its instant abolition. Whether it be personal or political, mental or corporeal, intellectual or spiritual, I am for its immediate abolition. (Great applause.) *I enter into no compromise with slavery.* I am for justice, in the name of humanity, and according to the law of the living God.

* * * * *

The time has now come, when every man who has honest feelings should declare himself the advocate of abolition. He who consents to tolerate crime is a criminal; and never will I lose the slightest opportunity, whether here or in the legislature, or any where else, to raise my voice for liberty,—FOR THE EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY. (Great applause.) Humanity, justice and religion combine to call upon us to abolish this foul blot. But it is not England or Britain alone that is stained with this crime. The democratic republic of America shares in the guilt. Oh! the inconsistency of these apostles of liberty talking of freedom, while they basely and wickedly continue the slavery of their fellow-men, the negroes of Africa! A republican is naturally proud and high-minded, and we may make the pride of the North American republicans the very weapon by which to break down slavery; for, if the example of England were gone, they could not, in the face of the world, continue the odious and atrocious system one moment longer. (Cheers.) Abolish it throughout the British colonies, and away it goes in America. (Renewed cheers.)

* * * * *

Slavery is a crime, a high crime against Heaven, and its annihilation ought not to be postponed. We have lately heard a good deal of the iniquity of the East India Company getting money from the poor, infatuated wretches who throw themselves beneath the wheel of Juggernaut's car. This is lamentable indeed; but what care I, whether the instrument of torture be a wheel or a lash? (Applause.) I am against Juggernaut, both in the East Indies and West Indies, and am determined, therefore, not to assist in perpetuating slavery. Is it possible, that where humanity, benevolence and religion are combined, there can be doubt of success? The priests of Juggernaut are respectable persons compared with those who oppose such a combination (applause;) and I entreat you to assist in the great work by becoming its apostles.—[Speech delivered before the London Anti-Slavery Society, 1831.

I will now go to America. I have often longed to go there, in reality; but, *so long as it is tarnished by slavery, I will never pollute my foot by treading on its shores.* (Cheers.) In the course of my Parliamentary duty, a few days ago, I had to arraign the conduct of the despot of the North, for his cruelty to the men, women and children of Poland; and I spoke of him with the execration he merits. But, I confess, that although I hate him with as much hatred as one Christian man can hate another human being, viz: I detest his actions with abhorrence, unutterable and indescribable; yet there is a climax in my hatred. I would adopt the language of the poet, but reverse the imagery, and say,

'In the deepest hell, there is a depth still more profound,'

and that is to be found in the conduct of the American slave owners. (Cheers.) They are the basest of the base—the most execrable of the execrable. I thank God that upon the wings of the press, the voice of so humble an individual as myself will pass against the western breeze—that it will reach the rivers, the lakes, the mountains, and the glens of America—and that the friends of liberty there will sympathize with me, and rejoice that I here *tear down the image of liberty from the recreant hand of America*, and condemn her as the vilest of hypocrites—the greatest of liars. (Long continued cheers.)

When this country most unjustly and tyrannically oppressed its colonies, and insisted that a Parliament of borough-mongers in Westminster should have the power of putting their long fingers across the Atlantic into the pockets of the Americans, taking out as much as they pleased, and, if they found anything, leaving what *residuum* they chose—America turned round, and appealed to JUSTICE, and she was right; appealed to HUMANITY, and she was right; appealed to her own brave sword, and she was right, and I glory in it. At that awful period, when America was exciting all the nations of the world; when she was declaring her independence, and her inhabitants pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, and invoked the God of charity (whom they foolishly called the God of battles, which he is not, any more than he is the God of murder)—at this awful period when they laid the foundation of their liberty, they began with these words: '*We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that amongst these are life*, LIBERTY, *and the pursuit of happiness.*' Thus the American has acknowledged what he cannot deny, viz. that God the Creator has endowed men with those things as inalienable rights. But it is not the white man, it is not the copper-colored man, nor is it the black man alone, who is thus endowed; but it is *all* men who are possessed of these inalienable rights. The man, however, who cannot vote in any State assembly without admitting this as the foundation of his liberty, has the atrocious injustice, the murderous injustice, to trample upon these inalienable rights; as it were, to attempt to rob the Creator of his gifts, and to appropriate to himself his brother man, as if he could be his slave. (Cheers.) Shame be upon America! eternal shame be upon her escutcheon! (Loud cheers.)

Shortly there will not be a slave in the British colonies. Five lines in an Act of Parliament, the other night, liberated nearly 500,000 slaves in the East Indies, at a single blow. The West Indians will be obliged to grant emancipation, in spite of the paltry attempts to prevent it; and then we will turn to America, and to every part of Europe, and require emancipation. (Cheers.) No! they must not think that they can boast of their republican institutions—that they can talk of their strength and their glory. Unless they abolish slavery, they must write themselves down LIARS, or call a general convention of the States, and blot out the first sentence of their Declaration of Independence, and write in its place, '*Liberty in America means the power to flog slaves, and to work them for nothing.*' (Loud applause.) * * * *

The voice of Europe will proclaim the slave's deliverance, and will say to him, "SHED NO BLOOD, BUT TAKE CARE THAT YOUR BLOOD BE NOT SHED." *I tell the American slave owner, that he shall not have silence;* for, humble as I am, and feeble as my voice may be, yet deafening the sound of the westerly wave, and riding against the blast as thunder goes, it shall reach America, telling the black man that the time for his emancipation is come, and the oppressor that the period of his injustice is soon to terminate! (Cheers.)—[Speech delivered at the Great Anti-Colonization Meeting in London, 1833.

Mr. O'Connell presented himself to the meeting, amid the most enthusiastic cheers. After some remarks of a general nature, the Hon. and learned gentleman proceeded to speak in terms of severe censure of the conduct of the Americans, in continuing to keep in bondage the black population in many of their States. He did not wonder at the death plagues of New Orleans, or the devastation of its people, many of whom enjoyed health and vigor at morn, and were lifeless at noon, when they had committed or countenanced crimes *which could only be registered with the annals of Nicholas and the curses of Poland.*

The Hon. and learned gentleman read several extracts from an American slaveholding Act, in which it was enjoined that no judge, legislative member, barrister or preacher, should speak or write anything against slavery, under the pain of being sentenced to not less than three years, and not more than twenty-one years imprisonment, or death at the discretion of the court!!! And that no American should teach a slave to read or write, under pain of not less than three months, and not more than twelve months imprisonment. (Hear, hear.) The Hon. and learned gentleman flung this black dishonor on the star-spangled banner of America—in vain did it wave over every sea, proclaiming the honor of the boasted republic of modern times—*those who fought under it were felons to the human race,* (Hear, hear,) *traitors to liberty, to their own honor, and blasphemers of the Almighty.* 'The red arm of God,' continued the Hon. and learned gentleman, 'is bared; and let the enemies of those whom his Son died to save, the black man as well as the white man, beware of its vengeance! The lightning careers through the troubled air resistless, amidst the howling of the tempest and rolling of the thunder. O for one moment of poetic inspiration, that my words, with the fire of indignation with which my bosom burns, that my voice might be borne on the western breeze across the wide Atlantic, light on their shores and their mountains, and be wafted down the rivers of America!"—[Speech delivered at an Anti-Slavery meeting in London, 1835.

He had given the Americans some severe but merited reproofs; for which they had paid him wages in abuse and scurrility. *He was satisfied that they had done so.* He was accustomed to receive such wages in return for his labors. He had never done good, but what he was vilified for his pains; and he felt that he could not sleep soundly were such opponents to cease abusing him. (Cheers.) *He would continue to earn such wages.* (Cheers.) By the blessing of God, he would yet trample on the serpent of slave-owning cupidity, and triumph over the hiss of the foul reptile, which marked its agony, and excited his contempt. The Americans, in their conduct towards the slaves, were traitors to the cause of human liberty, and foul detractors of the democratic principle, which he had cherished throughout his political life, and blasphemers of that great and sacred name which they pretended to reverence. In reprobation of their disgraceful conduct, his public voice had been heard across the wide Atlantic. Like the thunder-storm in its strength, it had careered against the breeze, armed with the lightning of Christian truth. (Great cheering.) And, let them seek to repress it as they may; let them murder and assassinate in the true spirit of Lynch law; the storm would wax louder and louder around them, till the claims of justice became too strong to be withstood, and the black man

would stand up, too big for his chains. It seemed, indeed—he hoped what he was about to say was not profanation—as if the curse of the Almighty had already overtaken them. For the first time in their political history, disgraceful tumult and anarchy had been witnessed in their cities. Blood had been shed without the sanction of law, and even Sir Robert Peel had been enabled—but he was here in danger of becoming political. (Cries of no, no—go on, and cheers.) Well, then, even Sir R. Peel had been enabled to taunt the Americans with gross inconsistency and lawless proceedings. He differed from Sir Robert Peel on many points. (Laughter.) Every body knew that. (Renewed cheering.) It was no doubt presumption in him to differ from so great a man, but yet such was the fact. (Laughter.) On one point, however, he fully agreed with him. Let the proud Americans learn, that *all parties in this country unite in condemnation of their conduct;* and let them also learn that the worst of all aristocracies is that which prevails in America—an aristocracy which had been aptly denominated that of the human skin. The most insufferable pride was that shown by such an aristocracy. And yet he must confess that he could not understand such pride. He could understand the pride of noble descent. He could understand why a man should plume himself on the success of his ancestors, in plundering the people some centuries ago. He could understand the pride arising from immense landed possessions. He could even understand the pride of wealth, the fruit of honest and careful industry. Yet when he thought of the color of the skin making men aristocratic, he felt his astonishment to vie with his contempt. Many a white skin covered a black heart; yet an aristocrat of the skin was the proudest of the proud. Republicans were proverbially proud, and therefore he delighted to taunt the Americans with the superlative meanness, as well as injustice, of their assumed airs of superiority over their black fellow-citizens. (Cheers.) He would continue to hurl his taunts across the Atlantic. And, oh!—but perhaps it was his pride that dictated the hope—THAT SOME BLACK O'CONNELL MIGHT RISE AMONG HIS FELLOW SLAVES, (tremendous cheers,) who would cry AGITATE, AGITATE, (renewed cheering,) till the two millions and a half of his fellow sufferers learned the secret of their strength—learned that they were two millions and a half. (Enthusiastic cheers.) If there was one thing which more than another could excite his hatred, it was the laws which the Americans had framed to prevent the instruction of their slaves. To be seen in company with a negro who could write, was visited with imprisonment, (shame!) and to teach a slave the principles of freedom was punished with death. Were these human laws, it might be asked? Were they not laws made by wolves of the forest? No—they were made by a congregation of two-legged wolves—American wolves—monsters in human shape, who boast of their liberty and of their humanity, while they carry the hearts of tigers within them. (Cheers.)—[Speech delivered at the presentation of the Emancipation Society's Address to Mr. O'Connell, 1835.

I hate slavery in all countries—*the slavery of the Poles in Russia under their miscreant tyrant,* and the slavery of the unfortunate men of color under their fellow-men, the boasted friends of liberty in the United States. Let the slave leap up for joy when he hears of the meeting this day (cheers); let him have the prospect of freedom to cheer him in the decline of life (cheers.) *We ought to make our exertions strongly,* IMMEDIATELY *and* UNANIMOUSLY (cheers.) Remember what is taking place elsewhere. Only cast your eyes across the Atlantic, and see what is taking place on the American shores (cheers.) Behold those pretended sons of freedom—those who declared that every man was equal in the presence of his God—that every man had an inalienable right to liberty—behold them making, in the name of honor, their paltry honor, an organized resistance in Southern slave States, against the advocates of emancipation.—Behold them aiding in the robbery committed on an independent State. See

how they have seized upon the territory of Texas, taking it from Mexico, Mexico having totally abolished slavery without apprenticeship, (loud cheers,) in order to make it a new market for slavery (shame!) Remember how they have stolen, cheated, swindled, robbed that country, for the audacious and horrible purpose of perpetuating negro slavery (cries of 'Shame!') Remember that there is now a treaty on foot, in contemplation at least, between the Texians and the President of the United States, and that it is only postponed till this robbery of Texas from Mexico can be completed. *Oh! raise the voice of humanity against these horrible crimes* (cheers.) There is about republicans a sentiment of pride—a feeling of self-exaltation. Let us tell these republicans, that instead of their being the highest in the scale of humanity, THEY ARE THE BASEST OF THE BASE, THE VILEST OF THE VILE (tremendous cheers.) My friends, *there is a community of sentiment all over the world*, borne on the wings of the press; and what the humble individual who is now addressing you may state, will be carried across the waves of the Atlantic; it will go up the Missouri—it will be wafted along the banks of the Mississippi—it will reach infernal Texas itself (immense cheering.) And though that pandemonium may scream at the sound, they shall suffer from the lash of human indignation applied to their horrible crime [cheers.] If they are not arrested in their career of guilt, four new States in America will be filled with slaves. O, hideous breeders of human beings for slavery! Such are the horrors of that system in the American States, that it is impossible, in this presence, to describe them; the mind is almost polluted by thinking of them. Should the measures now contemplated by the Americans be accomplished, these horrors will be increased fourfold; and men, with the human soul degraded, will be in a worse state even than the physical degradation of human bodies (cheers.)—What have we to look to? Their honor—their generosity! We must expect nothing from their generosity (cheers.) Sir, I cannot restrain myself. It was only the other day I read a letter in The Morning Chronicle, from their Philadelphia correspondent. A person, whose Indian name I forget, (a voice, 'Oceola,') but who was called Powell, had carried on a war at the head of the Seminoles, and other Florida tribes, against the people of Florida. He behaved nobly, and bravely fought for his country; and he would have been deified as a hero had he fought in a civilized nation, and testimonials would have been reared to commemorate his deeds, as great and numerous as those which have been raised to a Napoleon or a Wellington; but what happens to this warrior?—Why, these Americans having made a truce with him, invited him to a conference. He comes under the protection of that truce. Thus confiding in their honor, is he allowed to return? O no! He is not allowed to return, but is taken prisoner, and carried captive to the fort (shame, shame!) O, cry out shame, and let that cry be heard across the waves of the mighty ocean (cheers.) We are the teachers of humanity, we are the friends of humanity. What does it signify to us, that the crime is not committed on British soil? *Wherever it is committed, we are its enemies* (cheers.) The American, it is true, boasts of having been the first to abolish the slave trade carried on in foreign vessels. Why, he was. But what was the consequence? Every one of his own slaves at home was made of more value to him. *It was a swindling humanity. It was worse than our twenty millions scheme.* It had the guise of humanity, but had really *the spirit of avarice and oppression* (cheers.) I, perhaps, ought to apologize for detaining you (no, no! go on!); but we are all children of the same Creator, heirs to the same promise, purchased by the blood of the same Redeemer, and what signifies of what caste, color or creed we may be [cheers]? *It is our duty to proclaim that the cause of the negro is our cause*, and that we will insist upon doing away, to the best of our human ability, the stain of slavery, *not only from every portion of this mighty empire, but from the whole face of the earth* [cheers.) If there be in the huts of Africa, or amidst the swamps of Tex-

as, a human being panting for liberty, let it be proclaimed to him that he has friends and supporters amongst the great British nation (cheers.)—[Speech delivered at a public meeting of Anti-Slavery delegates, 1837.

It is utterly impossible that any thing should exist more horrible than the American slave breeding. The history of it is this: The Americans abolished the foreign slave trade earlier than England, but with this consolation—no small comfort to so money loving a race as the slaveholders—that by such abolition, they enhanced the price of the slaves then in America, by stopping the competition in the home market of newly imported slaves. Why, otherwise, was not the home trade stopped as well as the foreign? The reply is obvious.

To supply the home slave trade, an abominable, a most hideous, most criminal, and most revolting practice of breeding negroes exclusively for sale, has sprung up, and especially, we are told, in Virginia. There are breeding plantations for producing negroes, as there are with us breeding farms for producing calves and lambs. And as our calf and lamb breeders calculate the number of males of the flock to the females, similar calculations are made by the traffickers in human flesh. One instance was mentioned to me of a human breeding farm in America, which was supplied with two men and twelve women. Why should I pollute my page with a description of all that is immoral and infamous in such practice? But only think of the wretched mothers, whom nature compels to love their children—children torn from them forever, just at the period that they could requite their mother's love! The wretched, wretched mother! Who can depict the mother's distraction, her madness! 'But their maternal feelings are,' says a modern writer, 'treated with as much contemptuous indifference, as those of the cows and ewes whose calves and lambs are sent to the English market.'

That it is which stains the character of the American slaveholder, and leaves the breeder of slaves the most detestable of human beings; especially when that slaveholder is a republican, boasting of freedom, shouting out for liberty, and declaring, as the charter of his liberal institutions, these are self-evident truths, '*that all men are created equal—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these rights are* LIFE, LIBERTY, *and the* PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.'

My sole object in my speech at Birmingham, and present object, is *to rouse the attention of England and of Europe* to all that is cruel, criminal, and, in every sense of the word, infamous, in the system of negro slavery in North America. MY DELIBERATE CONVICTION IS, that until that system is abolished, *no American slaveholder ought to be received on a footing of equality by any of the civilized inhabitants of Europe.*—[Letter of Mr. O'Connell to the Editor of the London Morning Chronicle, 1838.

I have no superfluous tears to shed for Ireland, and shall show my love of my country by continuing my exertions to obtain for her, justice and good government; but I feel that I have something Irish at my heart, *which makes me sympathize with all those who are suffering under oppression, and forces me to give to universal man, the benefit of the exertions which are the consequence.* (Cheers.)—And what adds peculiarly to the claim of Ireland for sympathy and support is, that in the great cause of suffering humanity, no voice was ever raised, but Ireland was found ready to afford relief and succor.—[Speech delivered at a meeting of the British India Society, 1839.

He then came to North America, and there, thank God, he found much reason for congratulation. There were now present forty representatives of American Abolition Societies to aid them in the great struggle for human liberty. *Let them be honored, in proportion as the slaveholders were execrated.* Oh! they had a hard battle to fight! In place of being honored as they were in this land,

they had to encounter coolness and outrage; the bowie knife and lynch law threatened them; they were abolitionists at the risk of their lives (cheers.)—*Glory to them!* A year or two since, he made some observations upon the conduct of the American Minister; he charged him with breeding slaves for sale; he denied it; and, in order to prove who was right, he sent him [Mr. O'Connell] a challenge to fight a duel (laughter.) He did not accept it. Nothing would ever induce him to commit murder. God had forbidden it, and he would obey him [cheers.] The American Minister denied the charge, but he admitted that he had slaves, and he admitted that he did afterwards sell some; so let him have the benefit of such a denial [a laugh.] He added, however, that he did not believe that slaves were bred for sale in Virginia. Now, he would read some few extracts from Judge Jay's book, published in New-York, in 1839. He would call Mr. Stevenson's attention to page 88 of that book, and that would prove to him not only that slave-breeding existed in Virginia, but within twenty-five miles of his own residence. [The Hon. Gentleman read several extracts, proving the practice; also several advertisements of lots of slaves wanted for ready money, for shipment to New-Orleans, and dated in Richmond, the very place of Mr. Stevenson's residence.] He had established against the Ambassador, that slave-raising did exist in Virginia—yet all these things took place in a civilized country—a civilized age—advertisements of human flesh for sale, and written in even a more contemptuous manner than if the subjects of them were cattle. The traffic in slaves from the North to the Southern States was immense. In the latter, they were put to the culture of sugar—a horrible culture, that swept off the whole in seven years—every seven years there was a new generation wanted. This was in a community calling themselves civilized. Why, *they were worse than the savage beasts of the desert*, for they only mangled when driven to it by hunger; but this horrible practice is carried on by well-fed Americans for paltry pecuniary profit—for that low and base consideration, they destroy annually their tens and twenty thousands.

These scenes took place in a country, which, in all other respects, had a fair claim to be called civilized—in a country which had nobly worked out its own freedom—in a country where the men were brave and the women beautiful. Amongst the descendants of Englishmen—even amongst such was to be found a horrible population, whose thirst for gold could only be gratified at the expense of such scenes of human suffering; a population who were insensible to the wrath of God, who were insensible to the cries and screams of mothers and children, torn from each other forever. But there was one thing they would not be insensible to—they dare not, they would not be insensible to *the contempt of Europe* (loud cheers.) *While they embraced the American Abolitionists as friends and brothers, let none of the slave-owners, dealers in human flesh, dare to set a foot upon our free soil* [cheering.] Let them call upon the Government to protest to America, that *they would not receive any slaveholding ambassador* [loud cheering.] *Let them declare that no slave-owner can be admitted into European society;* and then Calhoun and Clay, and men like them, who stand up putting forth their claims to be President of the great Republic, must yield to the public, universal opinion. He had made mention of those two men—he would only say that *Calhoun was branded with the blood issuing from the stripes of the slave, and Clay drowned in the tears of the mothers and the children* (cheers.) Let the people of Europe say to slave-owners, 'MURDERERS, YOU BELONG NOT TO US,—AWAY TO THE DESERT, AND HERD WITH KINDRED SAVAGES!' [cheers.] *He begged pardon of the savage* (laughter.) Sometimes in anger he committed heinous crimes, but he was incapable of coolly calculating how long or how hard he could work a human being with a profit,—sometimes granting him a boon for the purpose of obtaining a year or two's more labor out of him. Well, are we to remain passive as hitherto? [loud cries of 'No, no!'] *Let our declaration also go abroad.* Let this Society adopt it—let the benevolence and good sense of

Englishmen make that declaration. If an American addresses you, *find out at once if he be a slaveholder* [hear, hear.] He may have business with you, and the less you do with him, the better [a laugh]—but the moment that is over, turn from him as if he had the cholera or the plague [cheers]—for there is a moral cholera and a political plague upon him (cheers.) HE BELONGS NOT TO YOUR COUNTRY OR YOUR CLIME—HE IS NOT WITHIN THE PALE OF CIVILIZATION OR CHRISTIANITY [cheers.] *Let us rally for the liberty of the human race* [applause]—*no matter in what country or in what clime he is found, the slave is entitled to our protection;* no matter of what caste, of what creed, or what color, he is your fellow-man—he is suffering injustice; and British generosity, which has done so much already, ought to be cheered to the task by the recollection of the success it has already attained [cheers.] * * * I am zealous in the cause, to be sure, but inefficient—acknowledging the humility of the individual, I am still swelled by the greatness of the cause. My bosom expands, and I glory in the domestic struggle for freedom which gave me a title to stand among you, and to use that title in the best way I can, to proclaim humanity to man, and *the abolition of slavery all over the world.*—[Speech delivered at the anniversary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, 1840.

From this spot, I wish to rouse all the high and lofty pride of the American mind. Republicanism necessarily gives a higher and prouder tone to the human mind than any other form of government. I am not comparing it with any thing else at present; but all history shows there is a pride about republicanism, which, perhaps, is a consolation to the republican for any privations he may suffer, and a compensation for many things in which he may possibly be inferior; but from this spot, I repeat, I wish to rouse all the honesty and pride of American youth and manhood; *and would that the voice of civilized Europe would aid me in the appeal,* and swell my feeble voice to one shout of honest indignation! And when these Americans point to their boasted Declaration of Independence, exclaim, '*Look at your* PRACTICE!' Can there be faith in man, or reliance placed in human beings, who thus contrast their action with their declarations? . . . That was the first phrase of their boasted Declaration of Independence. What was the last?—'To these principles we solemnly pledge our lives,' (invoking the name of the great God, and calling for his aid,) 'we solemnly pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.' It has the solemnity without the profaneness of an oath; it speaks in the presence of the living God; it pledges life, fortune, and sacred honor to the principles they assert. How can they lay claim to 'sacred honor,' with this dark, emphatic, and diabolical violation of their principles staring them in the face? No! *America must know that all Europe is looking at her,* and that her Senate, in declaring that there is a property in human beings, has violated her oath to God, and 'sacred honor' to men. Will the American come down upon me, then, with his republicanism? I will meet him with the taunt, that he has mingled perjury with personal disgrace and dishonor, and inflicted both with a double barb into the character of any man who claims property in any human being. France, and even England, might possibly adopt such a resolution without violating their national honor, because they have made no such declarations as America, and therefore she is doubly dyed in disgrace by the course she has taken, in open opposition to her own charter of Independence. * * * I rejoice to hear the present agitation is striking terror into the hearts of the slave-mongers, whose selfish interests, vile passions, and predominant pride, with all that is bad and unworthy commingled, make them willing to retain their hold of human property, and to work with the bones and blood of their fellow-creatures; whilst a species of democratic aristocracy, the filthiest aristocracy that ever entered into civilized society, is set up in the several States, an aristocracy that wishes to have property without the trouble and toil

of earning it, and to set themselves above men, only to plunder them of their natural rights, and to live solely upon their labor. Thus, the gratification of every bad passion, and every base emotion of the human mind, is enlisted in defence of the slaveholder's right. When we turn our eyes upon America, we see in her Declaration of Independence, the display of the democratic elements of popular feeling against every thing like tyranny or oppression. But when I come to the District of Columbia, there I see in the capitol and temple of freedom, the negro chained to his toil, and writhing beneath the lash of his taskmaster, and the negress doomed to all the horrors of slavery. There I see their infant, yet unable to understand what it is that tortures its father, or distracts its mother; while that mother is cursing its existence, because it is not a man, but a slave; and almost wishing—oh! what a wringing thought to a mother's heart—that the child might sink into an early grave, rather than become the property of an excruciating tyrant, and the instrument of wealth to others, without being able to procure comfort and happiness for itself. *That is America; that is the land of the free; these are the illustrations of the glorious principles laid down in the Declaration of American Independence!* These evils, inflicted as they are by the democratic aristocracy of the States, are worse than ever were inflicted by the most kingly aristocracy, or the most despotic tyranny. I do not mean any thing offensive to our American friends present, but I do say, there is written in letters of blood upon the American escutcheon, ROBBERY AND MURDER, AND PLUNDER OF HUMAN BEINGS. *I recognize no American as a fellow-man, except those who belong to anti-slavery societies.* Those who uphold slavery are not men as we are, they are not honest as we are; and *I look upon a slaveholder as upon a pickpocket*, who violates the common laws of property and honesty.

They say, that by their Constitution they are prevented from emancipating the slaves in the slaveholding States; but I look in the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of 1787, and I defy them to find a single word about slavery, or any provision for holding property in man. No man can deny the personal courage of the American people. With the recollection of the battles of Bunker's Hill and Saratoga,—of which, indeed, I might be reminded by the portrait which hangs opposite to me, of one of the officers who took an active part in those conflicts, (the Earl of Moira,) with the recollection, I say, of those battles, it would be disgraceful and dishonest to deny to the American people, personal courage and bravery. There exists not a braver people upon the face of the earth. But, amongst all those who composed the Convention of 1787, there was not one man who had the moral courage—I was about to say the *immoral* courage—to insert the word SLAVERY in the Constitution. No! they did not dare pronounce the word; and if they did not dare to use the *word* slavery, are they to be allowed to adopt *the thing*? *Is America to shake her star-spangled banner in the breeze, and boast of liberty, while she is conscious that that banner floats over the heads of slaves?* Oh, but they call it 'persons held to labor,' that is the phrase they use in their documents; but dare any one say that slavery is implied in those words? The term applies to any person who enters into a contract to labor, for a given period, as by the month or year, or for an equivalent; but his doing so does not constitute him a slave, surely; the very term is disgraceful to nature, and an affront to nature's God. No wonder the word was not in their Declaration; you would not look to find words of injustice and cruelty in a Declaration of honesty and humanity. I repeat it, they have not used the word. They *meant* slavery: *they intended to have slaves*, but they dared not employ the word; and 'persons held to labor' was as near as they dared approach to it. Can you conceive of a deeper crime than slavery? A crime which includes in it injustice and cruelty, which multiplies robberies and murders! Ay, there is one thing worse even than this, and that is hypocrisy added to it. Let hypocrisy be su-

perinduced on injustice, and you have, indeed, a character fit to mingle with the murky powers of darkness; and the Americans (I speak not of them all, there are many noble exceptions,) have added hypocrisy to their other accomplishments. They say they have *no power* to emancipate the slaves; is that the real reason? It may be, that they have not power to do so in some particular States; but then, what shall be said of COLUMBIA? There they have full power. Columbia is not bound by any restriction; yet in Columbia there are slaves, and there they furnish further proof of their hypocrisy. O, say they, we are the finest gentlemen, the wisest statesmen, the most profound legislators in the world. We are ardent lovers of liberty, we detest slavery, and we lament that we have not the power to make all free. Then I whisper, Columbia! Columbia! You have the power there, you have the authority there, to remove this foul blot; you have the means and opportunities; you have, in short, every thing but *the will:* the will alone is wanting; and, with all your professions, you are hypocrites.

But I will now turn to a subject of congratulation: *I mean the Anti-Slavery Societies of America—those noble-hearted men and women*, who, through difficulties and dangers, have proved how hearty they are in the cause of abolition. I hail them all as my friends, and wish them to regard me as a brother. I wish for no higher station in the world; but *I do covet the honor of being a brother with these American abolitionists.* In this country, the abolitionists are in perfect safety: here we have fame and honor; we are lauded and encouraged by the good; we are smiled upon and cheered by the fair; we are bound together by godlike truth and charity; and though we have our differences as to points of faith, *we have no differences as to this point*, and we proceed in our useful career esteemed and honored; but it is not so with our anti-slavery friends in America; there they are vilified, there they are insulted. Why, did not very lately a body of men—of *gentlemen*, so called—of persons who would be angry if you denied them that cognomen, and would even be ready to call you out to share a rifle and a ball—did not such 'gentlemen' break in upon an Anti-Slavery Society in America; aye, upon a ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, and assault them in a most cowardly manner? And did they not denounce the members of that Society? And where did this happen? Why, in Boston—in enlightened Boston, the capital of a non-slaveholding State. In this country, the abolitionists have nothing to complain of; but in America, they are met with the bowie-knife and lynch law! Yes! in America, you have had martyrs; your cause has been stained with blood; the voice of your brethren's blood crieth from the ground, and riseth high, not, I trust, for vengeance, but for mercy upon those who have thus treated them. But *you ought not to be discouraged, or relax in your efforts.* HERE YOU HAVE HONOR. *A human being cannot be placed in a more glorious position than to take up such a cause under such circumstances.* I am delighted to be one of a Convention *in which are so many of such great and good men.* I trust that their reception will be such as that their zeal may be greatly strengthened to continue their noble struggle. I have reason to hope, that, in this assembly, a voice will be raised which will roll back in thunder to America, which will mingle with her mighty waves, and which will cause one universal shout of liberty to be heard throughout the world. *O, there is not a delegate from the Anti-Slavery Societies of America*, but ought to have his name, aye, *her* name, WRITTEN IN CHARACTERS OF IMMORTALITY. *The Anti-Slavery Societies in America are deeply persecuted, and are deserving of every encouragement which we can possibly give them.* I would that I had the eloquence to depict their character aright; but my tongue falters, and my powers fail, while I attempt to describe them. THEY ARE THE TRUE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY, and would that I had a tongue to describe aright the mighty majesty of their undertaking! I love and honor America and the Americans. I respect their great principles; their untiring industry; their lofty genius;

their social institutions; their morals, such morals as can exist with slavery—God knows they cannot be many—but I respect all in them or about them that is good. But, at the same time, I denounce and anathematize them as slaveholders, and hold them up to the scorn of all civilized Europe. I would that the government of this country would determine to have no dealings with him, and to tell the United States of America, that *they must send no more slaveholding negotiators here!*

I will tell you a little anecdote. Last year, I was accosted with great civility by a well-dressed, gentleman-like person, in the lobby of the House of Commons. He stated that he was from America, and was anxious to be admitted to the House. 'From what State do you come?' 'From Alabama.' 'A slaveholder, perhaps?' 'Yes.' 'Then,' said I, 'I beg to be excused;' and so I bowed and left him. Now, THAT IS AN EXAMPLE WHICH I WISH TO BE FOLLOWED. Have no intercourse with a slaveholder. You may, perhaps, deal with him as a man of business, but, even then, you must act with caution, as you would with a pickpocket and a robber. You ought to be very scant of courtesy towards him, at least until he has cleared himself of the foul imputation. Let us beware of too much familiarity with such men; and let us plainly and honestly tell them, as a Convention, what we think of them. I am not for the employment of force; no—let all be done by the statement of indisputable facts; by the diffusion of information; by the union of benevolent minds; *by our bold determination to expose tyranny and cruelty;* by proclaiming to the slaveholders that, so long as they have any connexion with the accursed traffic in human beings, *we hold them to be a different race.* Why should it not be so? *Why should we not shrink from them, as we would with shuddering from the approach of the vilest reptiles?* The declaration of such views and feelings from such a body of men as are now before me, will make the slaveholders tremble. My voice is feeble: but I have no doubt that what I say will reach them, and that it will have some influence upon them. They must feel that they cannot much longer hold the sway. One of the great objects of my hope is to affright the Americans by laying hold upon their pride, their vanity, their self-esteem, by commending what is excellent in them, and by showing how very far they come short in those properties upon which they boast themselves. I would have this Convention avail themselves of all such aids, and to urge them by every possible argument to abandon the horrid vice by which their character is so foully disfigured. * * * We have proof this day that there are those who love the cause of freedom in every part of the globe. And why should it not be so? *Why should not all unite in such a glorious cause?* We are all formed by the same Creator; we are alike the objects of the same watchful Providence; we are all the purchase of the same redeeming blood; we have one common Saviour; and our hearts beat high with the same immortal hopes. And why should any portion of the human race be shut out from our affection and regard? * * * O let a word go forth from this place, that we do not deem the Americans Christians, by whatever name they are called, whether Episcopalians, or Baptists, or Independents, or Methodists, or whatever other name,—that we regard them not as Christians at all, unless they cordially unite with us in this great work. We honor all that is really good in America, and would have it all on our side in this glorious struggle—in this holy cause. Let us unite and persevere, and, by the blessing of God, and the aid of good men, freedom will, ere long, wave her triumphant banner over emancipated America, and we shall unite with the whole world to rejoice in the result.—[From a speech delivered by Mr. O'Connell, on the third day of the sittings of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, held in Freemason's Hall, London, June, 1840.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend." These, sir, are terrible denunciations; but are they not justly applied? Let no man accuse DANIEL O'CONNELL of having been inimical to the character and prosperity of this republic. The strength of his rebuke was the measure of his love. He was true to his convictions of duty. Whenever he heard our boasts of freedom and equality, and then saw us wielding the slave-driver's lash and sundering the ties of nature—buying, selling and enslaving our fellow-creatures, on a gigantic scale—making republicanism a by-word among the tyrants of the Old World, and thus perpetuating the thraldom of the oppressed millions of Europe—a mighty moral conflagration instantly kindled within him. It was then that the flames of his righteous indignation burst out in awful grandeur and with consuming power, the intensity of which spread over the Atlantic, and was felt in every section of our land. There was something sublime in the attitude of this great vindicator of human rights. If he had courted popularity in America,—that evanescent popularity which general corruption bestows upon its apologist,—if he had been intent on advancing the interests of Ireland at any sacrifice, even the sacrifice of truth and honor,—he would either have flattered our vices and extenuated our crimes, or, like yourself, have maintained an unbroken silence in regard to them. But his love of liberty was stronger than all personal considerations,—stronger than his regard even for his own stricken Ireland,—and therefore he exclaimed, on every suitable occasion, "Oh, the inconsistency of these apostles of liberty, talking of freedom, while they basely and wickedly continue the slavery of their fellow-men!"

Similar was the indignation felt and cherished by Ireland's distinguished poet, THOMAS MOORE, as expressed in the following lines:—

"Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
And all the piebald policy that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod,
O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty!
Away! away! I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a Sultan's beck,
In climes where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live where boasted Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over SLAVES!"

Where motley laws, (admitting no degree
Betwixt the basely slav'd and madly free,)
Alike the bondage and the license suit—
The brute made ruler, and the man made brute!"

Not merely at a distance from us, however, but in our immediate presence—face to face—has the same fidelity been shown to us by one born on a foreign strand. In the year 1835, the present distinguished member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets in London, GEORGE THOMPSON, was in this country, disinterestedly laboring by Christian instrumentalities to bring slavery to an immediate end, in the spirit of peace, and without the shedding of blood—in imitation of the example of WILBERFORCE, CLARKSON, and other illustrious philanthropists in Great Britain, for the abolition of West India slavery. After the experience and observation of a year,—himself nearly all that time hunted for his life as though he had been a wild beast,—he registered his testimony as follows, which is substantially as applicable to our guilty nation now, as it was strictly true at that period. Read and compare it, KOSSUTH, with your laudations of us, and blush for your sycophancy!

How unutterably affecting is a view of the present aspect of the country! The enslavement of the colored population seems to be but one of a hideous host of evils, threatening in their combined influence the overthrow of the fairest prospects of this wide republic. My fears are founded upon the symptoms every where exhibited, of an approach to mob-supremacy, and consequent anarchy. In every direction, I see the minority prostrate before the majority; who, despite of law, the Constitution, and natural equity, put their heel upon the neck of the weaker portion, and perpetrate every enormity in the name of "public opinion." "Public opinion" is at this hour the demon of oppression, harnessing to the ploughshare of ruin, the ignorant and interested opposers of the truth in every section of this heaven-favored, but mob-cursed land. Where is the freedom of speech? where the right of association? where the security of national conveyances? where the inviolability of personal liberty? where the sanctity of the domestic circle? where the protection of property? where the prerogatives of the judge? where the trial by jury? Gone, or fast disappearing. The minority in every place speak, and write, and meet, and walk, at the peril of their lives. * * Were I a citizen of this country, and did there seem no escape from such a dreadful state of things—if I did not, on behalf of the righteous and consistent, (for, thank God, there are thousands of such, who cease not day nor night to weep and pray for their country,) hope and believe for brighter days and better deeds, I should choose to own the dominion of the darkest despot that ever sealed the lips of truth, or made the soul of a slave tremble at his glance. If I must be a slave, if my lips must wear a padlock, if I must crouch and crawl, let it be before an hereditary tyrant. Let me see around me the symbols of royalty, the bayonets of a standing army, the frowning battlements of a Bastile. Let me breathe the air of a country where the divine right of kings to govern wrong is acknowledged and respected. Let me know what is the sovereign will and pleasure of the one man I am taught to fear and serve. Let me not see my rights, and property, and liberties, scattered to the same breeze that floats the flag of free-

dom. Let me not be sacrificed to the demon of despotism, while laying hold upon the horns of an altar dedicated to "FREEDOM and EQUALITY!" * * O, tell it not in St. Petersburg! publish it not in the streets of Constantinople! But it will be told; it will be published. The damning fact will ring through all the haunts of despotism, and will be a cordial to the heart of Metternich, sweet music in the ears of the haughty Czar, and a prophetic note of triumph to the sovereign Pontiff. What American lip will henceforth dare to breathe a sentence of condemnation against the bulls of the Pope, or the edicts of the Autocrat? Should a tongue wag in affected sympathy for the denationalized Pole, the outlawed Greek, the wretched Serf, or any of the priest-ridden or king-ridden victims of Europe, will not a voice come thundering over the billows:—

"Base hypocrites! let your charity begin at home! Look at your own Carolinas! Go, pour the balm of consolation into the broken hearts of your two millions of enslaved children! Rebuke the murderers of Vicksburg! Reckon with the felons of Charleston! Restore the contents of rifled mail-bags! Heal the lacerations, still festering, on the ploughed backs of your citizens! Dissolve the star-chambers of Virginia! Tell the confederated assassins of Alabama and Mississippi to disband! Call to judgment the barbarians of Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and New York, and Concord, and Haverhill, and Lynn, and Montpelier; and the well-dressed mobocrats of Utica, and Salem, and Boston! Go, ye praters about the soul-destroying ignorance of Romanism, gather again the scattered schools of Canterbury and Canaan! Get the clerical minions of Southern taskmasters to rescind their 'Resolutions' of withholding knowledge from immortal Americans! Rend the veil of legal enactments, by which the beams of light divine are hidden from millions who are left to grope their way through darkness here, to everlasting blackness beyond the grave! Go, shed your 'patriotic' tears over the infamy of your country, amidst the ruins of yonder Convent! Go, proud and sentimental Bostonians, preach clemency to the respectable horde who are dragging forth for immolation one of your own citizens! Cease your anathemas against the Vatican, and screw your courage up to resist the worse than papal bulls of Georgia, demanding, at the peril of your 'bread and butter,' the 'HEADS' of your citizens, and the passage of GAG-LAWS! Before you rail at arbitrary power in foreign regions, save your own citizens from the felonious interception of their correspondence; and teach the sworn and paid servants of the Republic the obligations of an oath, and the guaranteed rights of a free people! Send not your banners to Poland, but tear them into shreds, to be distributed to the mob, as halters for your sons! When, next July, you rail at mitres, and crosiers, and sceptres; and denounce the bow-string, and the bayonet, and the fagot; let your halls be decorated with plaited scourges, wet with the blood of the sons of the Pilgrims—let the tar cauldron smoke—the gibbet rear aloft its head—and cats and bloodhounds,* (the brute auxiliaries of

* See the accounts in Southern newspapers of "*a curious mode of punishment*" recently introduced, called "CAT-HAULING." The victim is stretched upon his face, and a cat, thrown upon his bare shoulders, is dragged to the bottom of the back. This is continued till the body is "lacerated."

"The Vicksburg (Miss.) Register says, that Mr. Earl, one of the victims of mobocracy in Mississippi, was tortured a whole night to elicit confession. The brutal and hellish tormentors laid Mr. Earl upon his back, and drew a cat tail foremost across his body!!! He hung himself soon after in jail."

See also the accounts of the Mississippi murders given by a correspondent in the Charleston Courier, dating his letter Tyger (how appropriate!) Bayou, Madison County, Miss. The following is an extract:—"Andrew Boyd, a conspirator, was required by the Committee of Safety, and Mr. Dickerson, Hiram Reynolds and Hiram Perkins (since killed) were ordered to

Southern Liberty men,) howl and bark in unison with the demoniacal ravings of a 'gentlemanly mob'—while above the Orator of the day, and beneath the striped and starry banner, stand forth, in characters of blood, the distinctive mottoes of the age:—DOWN WITH DISCUSSION! LYNCH LAW TRIUMPHANT! SLAVERY FOR EVER! HAIL, COLUMBIA!

"Before you weep over the wrongs of Greece, go wash the gore out of your national shambles—appease the frantic mother robbed of her only child, the centre of her hopes, and joys, and sympathies—restore to yon desolate husband the wife of his bosom—abolish the slave marts of Alexandria, the human flesh auctions of Richmond and New Orleans—'undo the heavy burdens,' 'break every yoke,' and stand forth to the gaze of the world, not steeped in infamy and rank with blood, but in the posture of penitence and prayer, a free and regenerated nation!"

Such, truly, are the bitter reproaches with which every breeze from a distant land might be justly freighted. How long—in the name of outraged humanity I ask, how long shall they be deserved? Are the people greedy of a world's execration? or have they any sense of shame—any blush of patriotism left? Each day the flagrant inconsistency and gross wickedness of the nation are becoming more widely and correctly known. Already, on foreign shores, the lovers of corruption and despotism are referring with exultation to the recent bloody dramas in the South, and the pro-slavery meetings and mobs of the country generally, in proof of the 'dangerous tendency of Democratic principles.' How long shall the deeds of America clog the wheels of the car of Universal Freedom? Vain is every boast—acts speak louder than words. While

"Columbia's sons are bought and sold;"

while citizens of America are murdered without trial; while persons and property are at the mercy of a mob; while city authorities are obliged to make concessions to a bloody-minded multitude, and finally incarcerate unoffending citizens to save them from a violent death; while "gentlemen of standing and property" are in unholy league to effect the abduction and destruction of a "foreigner," the head and front of whose offending is, that he is laboring to save the country from its worst foe; while assemblages of highly respectable citizens, comprising large numbers of the clergy, and some of the judges of the land, are interrupted and broken up, and the houses of God in which they met attacked in open day by thousands of men, armed with all the implements of demolition; while the entire South presents one great scene of slavery and slaughter; and while the North deeply sympathise with their "Southern brethren," sanction their deeds of felony and murder, and obsequiously do their bidding by hunting down their own fellow-citizens who dare to plead for equal rights; and, finally, while hundreds of the ministers of Christ, of every denomination, are making common cause with the plunderer of his species; yea, themselves reducing God's image to the level of the brute, and glorying in their shame; I say, while these things exist, professions and boasts are "sounding brass;" men will learn to loathe the name of Republicanism, and deem it synonymous with mob despotism, and the foulest oppression on the face of the globe!

arrest him. They discovered he was flying, and immediately commenced the pursuit, with a pack of TRAINED HOUNDS. He miraculously effected his deliverance from his pursuers, after swimming Big Black River, and running through cane-brakes and swamps until night-fall, when the party called off THE DOGS. Early next morning they renewed the chase, and started Boyd one mile from whence they had called off the dogs. But he effected his escape on horse, (fortune throwing one in his way,) *the hounds* not being accustomed to that training after he quit the bush."

In addition to these weighty testimonies, take that of one whose philanthropic fame fills the civilized world, whose spirit was characterised by rare meekness and simplicity, and whose language was ever chosen with the utmost precaution — the deeply lamented THOMAS CLARKSON, of England:—

Slavery is the greatest evil which has ever afflicted your country. It has heaped incalculable sufferings upon the heads of a people who have never given you any cause of offence; and you have done this without any right to do it but your own will and the law of force. It has corrupted the morals of your population to a frightful extent, by familiarizing them with cruelty and injustice, by hardening their hearts, and by giving birth to erroneous opinions which lead to infidelity; and, moreover, *it has injured your national character in the eyes of the civilized nations of the world.*

You have got a slave-holding President, a slave-holding Senate, a slave-holding Congress, and a slave-holding Cabinet. You have got the very sort of men in these high offices, the most detrimental to your best interests.

In the common routine of business, in Congress, they have done, perhaps, as well as any other men could have done; but, whenever slavery has been brought before them as a matter of business, *the most malignant of what we call demons could not have done worse.* Their laws against their slaves stand on record as *the most bloody of the most savage nations upon earth;* so shocking as to produce horror and indignation in all who read them; and so shocking that one of your own judges, Stroud, who first brought them together in print, is now, or was lately, buying up the unsold copies; because, as was reported, wherever the book is seen, it makes converts to the Anti-Slavery cause. Again, the men filling these offices brought forward and passed the famous gagging bills, and gave the power to Postmasters to open letters and parcels, thus stopping the free liberty of speech, and of writing a man's own thoughts. And why was this tyrannical law passed? *That not a murmur against slavery might be allowed to transpire,* and that slavery might go on uninterruptedly in all its miseries and horrors as before, without censure or reproach. * * * Again, the men filling these offices caused the butchery of the Indians, and the extermination of some of their tribes, on the mere surmise that these tribes might disturb the plantations of their brother slave-holders, and afford a refuge or retreat for their fugitive slaves. Was this a proper motive for shedding torrents of blood? And will not a day of just retribution come? The same description of men made a law, that whoever aided the escape of a fugitive slave from the oppression of a cruel taskmaster, should be punished with death; though it was commanded, of old, that no fugitive slave should be restored to his master. Was not this setting up a legislation in direct opposition to the law of God? Again, the same description of men had the audacity to propose the annexation of Texas to the United States, so that both might be one territory, and under one sway. But for what purpose was this union proposed? To have a contiguous Slave Territory, where the poor fugitive could find no shelter, but must be sent back to an enraged owner, to undergo whatever torture the monster's ingenuity might think fit; and, secondly, not only to perpetuate slavery in the United States, but to extend it to another country, from which it might be spread we know not where. Was there ever a more wicked proposition than this, to transfer the whip, the chain, the iron collar, and the other hideous instruments of torture, to innocent millions, yet unborn, and to an indefinite extent of country? *Could the mind of a Nero have invented a more wholesale complication of cruelty?* * * * While slavery lasts, you will have the same sort of men in office, and, of

course, the same sort of wicked measures, and the same sort of evils, and perhaps worse; for, wherever arbitrary power has been once exerted successfully, it may go to precedents it has made for its continuance. What, indeed, can you hope for from a slave-holding Cabinet—a Cabinet of men who appear to have no fear of God before their eyes, whose motto seems to be expediency in preference of honor and honesty, and who have been accustomed to look upon the sin of slavery as a common custom only, and without reproach? Will God smile upon the labors of such men? Or, will he not rather take vengeance?

But it is not English or Irish philanthropy, that is alone stirred with indignation, filled with astonishment, or melted into tears, in view of the revolting spectacle presented to the world by the United States as a slaveholding republic. Read, sir, the following letter to an eminent American lady, (1) now in Paris, (whose name will ever be honorably identified with the anti-slavery cause in this country, for her labors and sacrifices in its behalf,) from the distinguished VICTOR HUGO, of France:—

MADAME:

I have scarcely anything to add to your letter. I would cheerfully sign every line of it Pursue your holy work. You have with you all great souls and all good hearts.

You are pleased to believe, and to assure me, that my voice, in this august cause of slavery, will be listened to by the great American people, whom I love so profoundly, and whose destinies, I am fain to think, are closely linked with the mission of France. You desire me to lift up my voice.

I will do it at once, and I will do it on all occasions. I agree with you in thinking, that, within a definite time—that, within a time not distant, the United States will repudiate slavery with horror! Slavery in such a country! Can there be an incongruity more monstrous? Barbarism installed in the very heart of a country, which is itself the affirmation of civilization; liberty wearing a chain; blasphemy echoing from the altar; the collar of the negro chained to the pedestal of Washington! It is a thing unheard of. I say more, it is impossible. Such a spectacle would destroy itself. The light of the nineteenth century alone is enough to destroy it.

What! Slavery sanctioned by law among that illustrious people, who for seventy years have measured the progress of civilization by their march, demonstrated democracy by their power, and liberty by their prosperity! Slavery in the United States! It is the duty of this republic to set such a bad example no longer. It is a shame, and she was never born to bow her head.

It is not when slavery is taking leave of old nations, that it should be received by the new. What! When slavery is departing from Turkey, shall it rest in America? What! Drive it from the hearth of Omar, and adopt it at the hearth of Franklin? No! No! No!

There is an inflexible logic which develops more or less slowly, which fashions, which redresses according to a mysterious plan, perceptible only to great spirits, the facts, the men, the laws, the morals, the people; or better, under all human things, there are things divine.

Let all those great souls who love the United States, as a country, be re-assured. The United States must renounce slavery, or they must renounce lib-

(1) MRS. MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, of Boston.

erty. They cannot renounce liberty. They must renounce slavery, or renounce the Gospel. They will never renounce the Gospel.

Accept, Madam, with my devotion to the cause you advocate, the homage of my respect. VICTOR HUGO.

6 Juillet, 1851, Paris.

O that to you, LOUIS KOSSUTH, it had been given to register, in a similar spirit, a similar testimony !—Mark the readiness with which VICTOR HUGO complied with the request made to him ! Mark, too, the cogency as well as the pathos of his rebuke, and on what ground he felt justified in bestowing it !—"You desire me to lift up my voice. *I will do it at once, and I will do it on all occasions.* The destinies of the great American people, I am fain to think, are *closely linked with the mission of France.*" And are not those destinies as closely linked with the mission of Hungary ? Yet you are dumb—surrounded by slaves, you are dumb—to propitiate their merciless oppressors, you are dumb ! The language of the eloquent Frenchman would have come with even greater pertinency and force from your lips than from his own—"It is not when slavery is taking leave of old nations, that it should be received by the new. What ! *When slavery is departing from Turkey, shall it rest in America ! What ! Drive it from the hearth of Omar, and adopt it at the hearth of Franklin !* No ! No ! No !" Still you are dumb—you "the champion of liberty" ! Tell it not in Austria ! Publish it not in the streets of St. Petersburg !

You have alluded, on several occasions, in terms of admiration, to the brave and generous assistance which LAFAYETTE rendered to this country in its great struggle for independence. You have quoted his example, in this particular, as a strong incitement to the people of the United States to lend their aid (now that they are powerful) to the oppressed of other lands, especially of Hungary ; and thus to cancel their great indebtedness. Having won for himself their gratitude, veneration, and almost idolatrous attachment, for his gallant services, if any man had strong temptations to avoid giving them offence by "meddling" with their "domestic institutions," LAFAYETTE was that man. But he scorned to calculate consequences, and would not be dumb. "When I am indulging in my views of American prospects and American liberty," he said, "it is mortifying to be told, that, *in that very country, a large portion of the people are slaves.* IT IS A DARK SPOT ON THE FACE OF THE NATION. Such a state of things cannot always exist." It is the testimony of THOMAS CLARKSON, that LAFAYETTE said frequently, "*I would never have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was founding a land of slavery.*"

While you would have his example of physical bravery imitated, in the extension of our protecting hand to Hungary, will you repudiate his example of moral courage, in rebuking us for our atrocious slave system?

Not to cite any more foreign testimony, listen to the confession of a Virginian—THOMAS JEFFERSON, himself a slaveholder while he lived, although the author of the Declaration of Independence:—

> The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; *the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other.* With what execration should the statesman be loaded, who, permitting one half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other! For if the slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure, when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep for ever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest. * * *
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> What an incomprehensible machine is man! Who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives, whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, *one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose!* But we must wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full—when their tears shall have involved heaven itself in darkness—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality.

Sir, if one hour of the bondage of the American slave is fraught with more misery than ages of that which WASHINGTON and his compatriots rose in rebellion to oppose,—if, with only half a million of slaves, JEFFERSON trembled for his country when he reflected that God was just,—what ought now to be the language of every true friend of freedom, whether sojourner or resident here, in full view of more than three millions of slaves, and the general purpose to make their bondage interminable?

As further illustrative of the fatuity of your mission to this country, and the extravagance of your encomiums upon it, read the following lines from one of Freedom's true bards in the United States:—

"What! shall we send, with lavish breath,
Our sympathies across the wave,
Where Manhood, on the field of death,
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fettered arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From 'farthest Ind' to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat,
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote—
Will not the scorching answer come
From turbaned Turk and scornful Russ,
'GO, LOOSE YOUR FETTERED SLAVES AT HOME,
THEN TURN, AND ASK THE LIKE OF US!'

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?"

Sir, is it not as palpable as the noon-day sun, that, whatever else this country can do, she is not in a condition either to fight the battles of European liberty, or to hurl her anathemas at European despots? Is she not constantly liable to be called upon to suppress a servile insurrection on the part of the millions whom she is enslaving on her own soil? Is it not literally true, that "the preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of slavery is the vital and animating spirit of her national government"? Why, then, do you persist in outraging the common sense of the world, by extolling her as the abode of freedom, and the asylum of the oppressed? How can you rationally expect to receive any countenance from her, in your bloody rebellion against a tyranny not comparable in atrocity with her own? Or, if her aid can be secured to any extent, must it not be on the condition,—either expressed or understood, but certainly imperative,—that your lips will be for ever sealed respecting her transendant criminality as the most active power in the

world for the extension and perpetuation of chattel slavery? And can you comply with such a condition, without degrading your manhood?

Instead of making the afflictive state of Hungary, and her need of assistance, the justification for your silence on the subject of American slavery, you are bound, as a man of honor and a true friend of freedom, to imitate the illustrious example given by DANIEL O'CONNELL, who, when he was struggling against such overwhelming odds for the restoration to Ireland of some of her ancient rights and privileges, was proffered the most liberal pecuniary assistance on this side the Atlantic,—provided he would cease to reprove us for our traffic in human flesh. How he spurned the bribe—and how it will exalt you in the estimation of the world to scorn a similar bribe—you will learn by reading the following proceedings:—

At a special meeting of the Loyal National Repeal Association, held in the Great Room, Corn Exchange, Dublin, May 9th, 1843,—JAMES HAUGHTON, Esq. in the chair,—

Mr. O'Connell said—The Association had adjourned to that day for the purpose of receiving a communication with which they had been honored from the Anti-Slavery Society of America—*a body of men whom they most entirely respect*—whose objects should be cherished in their heart's core—whose dangers enhanced their virtues—and whose persevering patriotism would either write their names on the page of temporal history, or impress them in a higher place, where eternal glory and happiness would be the reward of their exertions. (Cheers.) His impressions were so strong in favor of the Anti-Slavery Society of America, that he thought it would not be so respectful as he would desire, if he brought forward that document in the routine of business on the last day, when it could not be so much attended to as it deserved. (Hear, hear.) It was out of respect to the people who sent that document, that they had adjourned; and he might say, that personal respect for the chairman was mixed up with that consideration. (Cheers.) They could not have sent a better message, or a more sincere one; and, if he now had the kindness to make the communication, they would receive it with the respect it deserved. (Cheers.)

The Anti-Slavery Address having been read,—

Mr. O'Connell then said:—I rise with the greatest alacrity to move that that most interesting document be inserted on the minutes, and that the fervent thanks of the Repeal Association of Ireland be by acclamation voted to the writers of it. I never in my life heard any thing read, that imposed more upon my feelings, and excited a deeper sympathy and sorrow within me. I never, in fact, before knew the horrors of slavery in their genuine colors. It is a production framed in the purest effort of simplicity, but, at the same time, powerful in its sentiments, so at once to reach the human heart, and stir up the human feelings to sorrow and execration,—sorrow for the victims, and execration for the tyrants. (Loud cries of hear, hear, and cheers.) It will have its effect throughout Ireland; for the Irish people did not know what was, alas! familiar to you, Sir, and to me,—the real state of slavery in America, and of the unequalled evils it inflicts; for slavery, wherever it exists, is the bitterest potion that can be commended to the lips of man. Let it be presented in any shape, and

it must disgust, for a curse inherent to it grows with it, and inflicts oppression and cruelty wherever it descends. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) We proclaim it an evil; and though, as a member of this Association, I am not bound to take up any national quarrel, still, *I do not hesitate to declare my opinions; I never paltered in my own sentiments.* (Cheers.) I never said a word in mitigation of slavery in my life; and I would consider myself the most criminal of human beings if I had done so. (Hear, and cheers.)

Yes, I will say, shame upon every man in America, who is not an anti-slavery man; shame and disgrace upon him. *I don't care for the consequences.* I will not restrain my honest indignation of feeling. I pronounce every man a faithless miscreant, who does not take a part for the abolition of slavery. [Tremendous cheering for several minutes.] It may be said that offence will be taken at these words. *Come what may from them, they are my words.* [Renewed applause.] The question never came regularly before us until now. We had it introduced collaterally; we had it mentioned by persons who were friends of ours, and who were endeavoring to maintain good relations between us and the slaveholders, but it is only now that it comes directly before us. We might have shrunk from the question by referring the document to a committee; but, *I would consider such a course unworthy of me,* enjoying as I do the confidence of the virtuous, the religious, and the humane people of Ireland; for I would be unfit to be what I would desire to consider myself, the representative of the virtues of the people, *if I were not ready to make every sacrifice for them, rather than to give the least sanction to human slavery.*

They say that the slaves are worse treated, since the cry of the Abolitionists has been raised in their favor, as it has made their masters more suspicious of them, and more severe against them; but has that any weight with me? How often was I told, during our agitation, that 'the Catholics would be emancipated but for the violence of that O'Connell.' [Laughter.] Why, one of the cleverest men in the country wrote a pamphlet in 1827, in which he stated that the Protestants of Ireland would have emancipated their Catholic countrymen long before, but for me, and fellows of my kind; and yet, two years after, I got emancipation in spite of them. [Cheers.] But it is clearly an insult to the understanding to speak so. When did tyranny relax its gripe merely because it ought to do so? [Hear.] As long as there was no agitation, the masters enjoyed the persecution of their slaves in quietness; but the moment the agitation commenced, they cried out, 'Oh, it is not the slaves we are flogging, but we are flogging through his back the anti-slavery men.' [Laughter.] But the subject is too serious for ridicule. I am afraid they will never give up slavery until some horrible calamity befalls their country; and I here warn them against the event, for it is utterly impossible that slavery can continue much longer. [Hear, hear.] But, good Heaven! can Irishmen be found to justify, or rather to palliate, (for no one could dare attempt to justify,) a system which shuts out the book of human knowledge, and seeks to reduce to the condition of a slave, 2,500,000 human beings;—which closes against them not only the light of human science, but the rays of divine revelation, and the doctrines which the Son of God came upon the earth to plant. The man who will do so belongs not to my kind. [Hear, hear.] Over the broad Atlantic I pour forth my voice, saying, 'Come out of such a land, you Irishmen; or, if you remain, and dare countenance the system of slavery that is supported there, we will recognize you as Irishmen no longer.' [Hear, hear, and cheers.] . . . .

I say the man is not a Christian,—he cannot believe in the binding law of the Decalogue. He may go to the chapel or the church, and he may turn up the whites of his eyes, but he cannot kneel as a Christian before his Creator, or he would not dare to palliate such an infamous system. No, America! the black spot of slavery rests upon your star-spangled banner; and no matter what glory you may acquire beneath it, the hideous, damning stain of slavery

rests upon you, and a just Providence will sooner or later avenge itself for your crime. [Loud and continued cheers.] Sir, *I have spoken the sentiments of the Repeal Association.* [Renewed cheers.] There is not a man amongst the hundreds of thousands that belong to our body, or amongst the millions that will belong to it, who does not concur in what I have stated. *We may not get money from America after this declaration;* but even if we should not, *we do not want blood-stained money.* [Hear, hear.] *If they make it the condition of our sympathy, or if there be implied any submission to the doctrine of slavery on our part, in receiving their remittances, let them cease sending it at once.* But there are wise and good men every where, and there are wise and good men in America, — and that document which you have read, Sir, is a proof, among others, that there are; and I would wish to cultivate the friendship of such men; but the criminals and the abettors,—*those who commit, and those who countenance the crime of stavery,—I regard as the enemies of Ireland, and I desire to have no sympathy or support from them.* [Cheers.]

I have the honor to move that this document be inserted in full upon our minutes, and that the most grateful thanks of the Repeal Association be given to the Anti-Slavery Society of America who sent it to us, and in particular, to the two office bearers, whose names are signed to it.

At a meeting of the Loyal National Repeal Association, in Dublin, August 8, 1843, Mr. O'Connell, in the course of a powerful anti-slavery speech, said—

A disposition was evinced in America to *conciliate the opinion of that Association in favor of the horrid system of slavery*, but they refused, of course, to show any sanction to it. (Hear and cheers.)

He had taken an active part in the Anti-Slavery Society from the moment that he was competent to discover any one body of men acting for the extinction of slavery all over the world; and standing in that Association as the representative of the Irish people, who had themselves suffered centuries of persecution, because they were attached to humanity, and to what justice and reason demanded; for *if they had chosen to be silent, and had bowed to authority—if they had acquiesced in the dictates of their masters and tyrants, they would have escaped many temporary sufferings, but they would not have acquired the glory of having adhered with religious fidelity to their principles.* Standing as their representative, he could not act otherwise than he had done, *though the liberty of Ireland, the repeal of the Union itself, were to abide the result. He was bound not to look to consequences, but to justice and humanity;* and come what would, he did not hesitate to throw heart and soul into his opposition to the system that would treat human beings as brute beasts of the field. He spoke distinctly and emphatically, for as he wanted to make an impression, he used harsher words than he would have done, if he did not know that harsh words were necessary to rouse the selfish temperament of the domineering master of slaves. And he did make that sensation, and he was glad of it.

At a meeting of the Loyal National Repeal Association, held in Conciliation Hall, Dublin, Sept. 29th, 1845, Mr. O'Connell, speaking on the subject of American slavery, said—

I have been assailed for attacking the American institution, as it is called, negro slavery. I am not ashamed of that attack—I do not shrink from it. *I am the advocate of civil and religious liberty all over the globe, and wherever tyranny exists, I am the foe of the tyrant; wherever oppression shows itself, I am the foe of the oppressor; wherever slavery rears its head, I am the enemy of the system,* or the institution, call it by what name you will—(great cheering.) I am the friend of liberty in every clime, class, and color—my sympathy with distress is not con-

fined within the narrow bound of my own green island—no, *it extends itself to every corner of the earth*—my heart walks abroad, and wherever the miserable is to be succored, and the slave is to be set free, there my spirit is at home, and I delight to dwell in its abode—(enthusiastic cheering.) It has been asked, *What business has O'Connell in interfering with American slavery?* Why, do not the Americans show us their sympathy for our struggles, and why should we not show a sympathy in efforts for liberty amongst themselves? (Cheers.) But I confess I have another strong reason for desiring to abolish slavery in America. *In no monarchy on the face of the earth is there such a thing as domestic slavery;* it is true, in some colonies belonging to monarchies, slavery exists; but *in no European country is there slavery at all*—for the Russian serf is far different from the slave of America, and therefore I do not wish that any lover of liberty should be able to draw a contrast between the democratic republics of America and the despotic States of Europe—[hear, hear.] I am in favor of the democratic spirit, and I wish to relieve it from the horror of slavery—[cheers.] I do not wish to visit America with force and violence—I would be the last man in the world to consent to it. I would not be for making war to free the negro—at least, not for the war of knife, and lash, and sword; but I would be for the moral warfare—I would be for the arms of argument and humanity to procure the extinction of tyranny, and to hurl contempt and indignation on those who call themselves freemen, and yet keep others in slavery. I would bring elements of that kind to bear upon the system, until the very name of slavery should be regarded with horror in the republic of America—[cheers.] * * * *

In the year '25, when I left my profession and went over to England, there was an anti-slavery meeting, at which I attended and spoke; and afterwards, when I went to Parliament, another meeting was appointed, greater in magnitude. The West India interest was 27 strong in the House of Commons—the Algerine bill was carried through the House by a majority of 19—therefore, the emancipation bill was in the power of the West India interest; but when they sent a respected friend of mine—the Knight of Kerry—to me, to ask why I did not take a certain course with regard to it, what was my answer? I represent the Irish people here, and I will act as the Irish people will sanction. *Come liberty, come slavery to myself, I will never countenance slavery, at home or abroad!* [Cheers.] I said I came here on principle; the Irish people sent me here to carry out their principles; *their principles are abhorrent of slavery;* and, therefore, I will take my part at that anti-slavery meeting; *and though it should be a blow against Ireland, it is a blow in favor of human liberty, and I will strike that blow*—(cheers). So far was I from cultivating the slavery interest, that I adopted that course, though I regretted to lose their votes. But I must do them the credit to say, that I did not lose them. They acted nobly, and said they would not revenge upon Ireland my attack upon them. [Cheers.] * * * Let them blame me—in America let me be execrated by them—*let their support be taken from Ireland*—Slavery, I denounce you wherever you are—[loud cheers.] *Come freedom, come oppression to Ireland—let Ireland be as she may*—I have my conscience clear before my God—[continued cheers.] * * *

They were told that the speech he made in that room would put an end to the remittances from America, and that the Americans would not again contribute to the funds of the Association. *If they should never get one shilling from America, his course was plain, his path was obvious.* He was attached to liberty; he was the uncompromising hater of slavery wherever it was to be found [cheers].

Such was the spirit of an O'Connell—brave, ingenuous, disdaining every trammel, scorning every bribe, soaring above all national and all personal considerations!—"I do not hesitate to declare my opinions. I

never faltered in my own sentiments. We might have shrunk from the question of American slavery, but I would consider such a course unworthy of me. We may not get money from America after this declaration; but we do not want blood-stained money. *Those who commit, and those who countenance the crime of slavery, I regard as the enemies of Ireland, and I desire to have no sympathy or support from them.* I am not bound to look to consequences, but to justice and humanity. Wherever slavery rears its head, I am the enemy of the system. I will take my part in the anti-slavery meeting; and *though it should be a blow against Ireland,* IT IS A BLOW IN FAVOR OF HUMAN LIBERTY, AND I WILL STRIKE THAT BLOW. In America, let them execrate me—*let their support be taken from Ireland*—slavery, I denounce you, wherever you are! Come freedom, come slavery to Ireland—*let Ireland be as she may*—I have my conscience clear before my God." These are noble sentiments, and most faithful was O'CONNELL to his pledge. His love for Ireland was not less strong than yours for Hungary; but, unlike you, he disdained to act a deceptive and pusillanimous part, to secure foreign sympathy and aid in her behalf. Blush at your own craven and selfish policy, as contrasted with that pursued by Ireland's distinguished Liberator!

So much for the spirit of the sire. Now witness how closely akin to it is that of the son!

Extract from a speech delivered by John O'Connell, M. P., at a meeting of the Loyal National Repeal Association, held in Dublin, Nov. 23d, 1840: —

He had to perform a duty which he had imposed upon himself, and a duty in which he was sure he would have their concurrence that he ought to discharge, to bring before the Association the atrocities practised upon the miserable slaves in the United States of America. He was of opinion they would think he ought to discharge it, because it was right that ☞ *when putting forward their claims to become a nation,* they should be able to put forth a claim upon this ground also, that THEY HAD SHOWN THEIR SYMPATHY FOR THE SLAVES.

[Here Mr. O'Connell read to the meeting several cases of slaveholding barbarity in America.]

He thought when he produced such details of atrocity as these, he would be acquitted of the charge of bringing forward a subject which was not WELL WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF THE ASSOCIATION. Nothing could be more shameful—nothing more unjust—nothing more cruel—nothing more atrocious and demoralizing—than the treatment of the black slaves in America, while the people boasted of their adhesion to universal liberty. But, not only did they suffer such enormities to be perpetrated against slaves, but against free people also. In the northern States, where slavery did not exist, the free people of color were subject to the greatest indignities. In the railway trains, there were separate places for them; in the churches, they were not permitted to sit in the same pews; nay, in the grave yards, (for they carried their dislike and con-

tempt for the negro even there, where one would suppose all distinctions should cease,) there were separate places for the interment of negroes. (Hear.) And yet the country which did this called itself free. He alluded to this matter at present, because the American journals which arrived that day had brought intelligence that the Irish in America, and their descendants, were joining in the rally for repeal, and that meetings had been held, at which subscriptions were collected to aid the objects of that Association. (Cries of 'hear, hear,' and cheers.) Every testimony of sympathy in their struggles was grateful to their feelings; and it was delightful to know, that, among the new associations which Irishmen formed in other lands, they and their descendants were not forgetful of the older associations they had left at home. (Hear hear.) But while they hold out to us the hand of brotherhood, we tell them that they come from a suspected land,—a land that holds man in bondage; and if they have any connection with, or if they approve of that bondage, then ☞ WE REJECT THEIR PROFFER: we have neither kindred nor sympathy for them, if they participate in the most degrading, demoralizing, wicked, and atrocious system which ever was maintained by man. (Hear, hear.) Talk of freedom, indeed! they spurned their association, if they had any thing to do with this system,—nay, if they were passive observers of the atrocity; for, if it was incumbent upon this nation to express their abhorrence at what they did not themselves witness, it was doubly incumbent upon those who were witnesses of it, to oppose the system, and to TAKE PART WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS. If they did not take part against the system, they were equally culpable with those who upheld it. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, if they wish us to receive their aid and sympathy, LET THEM JOIN WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS; if not, WE SHALL REJECT AND REFUSE ALL CONNEXION WITH THEM. (Hear, hear.) It has been attempted to mix up Catholicity with the system, and the name of a distinguished individual in the southern States had been alluded to. But he would not now speak of him more than to express a hope, that the allegation was untrue; but there was no one who knew what Catholicity was, that did not know, not only that its tenets did not allow of slavery, but proclaimed that it was criminal in those who had any participation in the system. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.)

Reply of John O'Connell, Esq., M. P., to a letter from James Haughton, Esq.

30, *Merrion Square*, 27*th Jan.* 1842.

My Dear Sir:—I beg to assure you, and the other gentlemen of the Committee, that there is no abatement of zeal on the part of the Repeal Association in the blessed cause of negro freedom. You would have easily seen this, had you been at our meeting of Monday week, when my father alluded, in strong terms, to slavery in America, and met the warmest approbation of the assembly. The most effectual means, too, of spreading abroad the knowledge and the detestation of that hideous system have been taken, by the collection together, *by order of the Association*, of all the extracts I read at former meetings on the subject of negro slavery, with a view to publish them in the form of a report, and *to distribute them with our reports*. I have prepared a short introduction to be prefixed to these extracts, and I think you will find it to speak the Association's sentiments as to slavery, in terms not to be mistaken. * * *

I trust we now stand acquitted of the charge, that our 'cry for liberty is a mere selfish affair.' We do not and did not deserve this charge. Our warmest exertions are ready to be given, and, whenever the occasion offers, *are given, freely and heartily, to every movement in favor of the liberty and happiness of any and all the branches of the universal family of man.* If we have been more before the public in our particular character as Repealers of the legislative union between England and Ireland, it is because our first duty is to our native land; but, *we have never refused nor neglected an opportunity of raising our voices*

in support and vindication of the rights of others; and one of the strongest incitements that we have to labor for the restoration of our country's legislative independence is, that hers will then be the potential voice of a nation, and no longer the unheeded cry of a mendicant province, upraised in the cause of liberty and of Christianity.

I remain, my dear sir, ever faithfully yours,

JOHN O'CONNELL.

James Haughton, Esq.

Be careful to observe, that neither the elder nor the younger O'CONNELL spoke merely their own sentiments, but they also spoke for all Ireland—for eight millions of their own countrymen, in a state of almost unequalled physical suffering. "It was right"—nobly did they say—"that, when putting forward their claims to become a nation, they should be able to put forth a claim upon this ground also, that *they had shown their sympathies for the slaves.*" With you, they say—"Our first duty is to our native land"; but, they proudly add, what it is not now in your power to declare—"We have never refused nor neglected an opportunity of raising our voices in support and vindication of the rights of others"—even of the American slaves, across the wide Atlantic! Surely, such a people deserve to be free and independent!

But they go further. They tell the millions of their countrymen who have migrated to America, that, if they have any connection with slavery, "we have neither kindred nor sympathy for them—we reject their proffered assistance." Nay, "if they are passive observers of the atrocity, we spurn their association." Nay, more—"if they wish us to receive their aid and sympathy, *let them join with the abolitionists;* if not, we shall reject and refuse all connection with them; for it is doubly incumbent upon those who are witnesses of it, to oppose the demoralizing and atrocious system."

Sir, the analogy between the condition and aim of Hungary and Ireland, if defective in some particulars, is sufficiently close to warrant the presentation of it as an argument and an illustration. "Ireland for Ireland," was the watchword of O'CONNELL. "Hungary for Hungary," is yours. In other words, let each nation manage its own affairs, without foreign intervention. In the opinion of O'CONNELL, the Repeal of the Union which subjugated Ireland to England was as essential to the full development of Ireland, as the overthrow of the house of Hapsburg is deemed by you indispensable to the freedom and prosperity of Hungary. But there is this difference: he acted upon principle—you are inspired by a sentiment: to save Ireland, he would not consent to be gagged upon any subject—to subserve the interests of Hungary, you

are willing not only to wear a padlock upon your lips, but to eulogize, as the special champions of liberty, those who require you to be silent! (1)

There are those who seek to justify your non-committal policy on the subject of American slavery. They say—

That you are here on a special mission, to the promotion of which, every thing else may justifiably give place:

That what you have done and suffered for Hungary should satisfy the most skeptical as to your abhorrence of oppression in every clime:

That your speeches are imbued with the warmest feelings of humanity, and abound with the noblest sentiments of liberty—and these should suffice:

That the freedom of Hungary will give to American slavery, as well as to European despotism, a fatal blow, and therefore that it should absorb all your powers:

That to express any sympathy for the anti-slavery movement, or any surprise or regret at the existence of slavery, in this country, would be sure to create an intense excitement, beneath the fiery billows of which, all "material aid" for Hungary would instantly disappear: hence, the

(1) "Kossuth has sacrificed the cause of liberty itself. He has consented to praise a nation whose liberty is a sham. He has consented to praise the nation which tramples Mexico under foot. He has consented to praise her, that he might save Hungary. Then rate him at his right price. The freedom of twelve millions bought the silence of Louis Kossuth for a year. A world in the scale never bought the silence of O'Connell or Fayette for a moment That is just the difference between him and them. O'Connell, (I was told the anecdote by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton,) in 1829, after his election to the House of Commons, was called upon by the West India interest, some fifty or sixty strong, who said, "O'Connell, you have been accustomed to act with Clarkson and Wilberforce, Lushington and Brougham, to speak on the platform of Freemasons' Hall, and advocate what is called the abolition cause. Mark this! If you will break loose from these associates, if you will close your mouth on the slave question, you may reckon on our undivided support on Irish matters. Whenever your country's claims come up, you shall be sure of fifty votes on your side." "No!" said O'Connell, "let God care for Ireland; I will never shut my mouth on the slave question to save her!" [Loud cheers.] He stood with eight millions whom he loved; he stood with a peasantry at his back, meted out and trodden under foot as cruelly as the Magyar; he stood with those behind him, who had been trampled under the horses' feet of the British soldiery in 1782 and 1801; he knew the poverty and wretchedness, he knew the oppressions under which the Irish groaned; but never, for a moment, would he consent to lift Ireland—whose woes, we may well suppose, weighed heavily on the heart of her greatest son—by the sacrifice of the freedom of any other portion of the race. "When," said the friend who told me this anecdote, in conclusion, "when there were no more than two or three of us in the House of Commons, O'Connell would leave any court or any meeting to be present at the division, and vote on our side." That is the type of a man who tries, by its proper standard, the claim of all classes upon his sympathy. He did for Ireland all that God had enabled him to do; but there was one thing which God had not called upon him to do, and that was, to speak a falsehood or to belie his convictions. He did not undertake to serve his country by being silent when he knew he ought to speak, or speak in language that should convey a false impression to his hearers." —[*Speech of Wendell Phillips, Esq., at the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.*

middle course is the safe one—to avoid Scylla on the one hand, and Charybdis on the other:

That, if you were to give your countenance to any particular reform among us, you would be called upon to endorse every other—and thus the cause of Hungary would be inextricably entangled and mixed up with foreign or collateral issues, to its inevitable injury:

That you are managing your cause with consummate tact and judgment, and in the best manner to secure the glorious end in view, the freedom of all Europe:

That it is not to be supposed that you understand the nature or extent of our slave system, or its relations to the government, and therefore you ought not to be blamed, but rather commended, for declining to express any opinion upon the subject:

That you are acting in perfect consistency with the doctrine which you have constantly enforced as the safe rule of conduct—to wit, that it is for the people of every nation to manage their own affairs, without dictation, intermeddling, or influence from any other quarter—&c., &c., &c.

Such are the pleas made in your behalf. Doubtless, they embody the substance of your justification, as it lies in your own mind. Certainly, they are not destitute of plausibility. Let us briefly examine them in detail, and see whether they are conclusive.

I. It is conceded that you have a special work to perform, a cherished object to accomplish, of no small magnitude, in coming to these shores; and that it would be equally impertinent and unfair to seek to divert you therefrom, by committing you to any party issue or purely local interest. But in what form do you present yourself? Is it not as a penniless, homeless fugitive from oppression? Is it not as a sincere and earnest advocate of liberty? Do you not appeal to us for sympathy and "material aid" on the broad principles of absolute justice, in the spirit of a common brotherhood, and by all the claims of suffering humanity? Read your own words:—"The fact is clear, that the despotisms are leagued against the freedom of the world, [not merely of Hungary,] so that there is no hope against them but in the brotherhood of people, headed and protected by England and the United States of America." Again:—"England and America! do not forget, in your proud security, those who are oppressed! Do not grant a charter to the Czar to dispose of humanity! Do not grant a charter to despots to drown liberty in Europe's blood! Save the myriads who would and will bleed; and, by not granting this charter, be the liberators of the world!" Do

you object to being measured by your own standard? If you insist that it is the duty of the American people to remember the oppressed of Europe, is it impertinent to ask you not to forget the enslaved of America? When you are seen to take men-stealers fraternally by the hand, and are heard to acknowledge them as the truest friends of liberty, "whose heart is easy to read, because it is open like nature," is such conduct to be allowed to pass without censure, because you have come to these shores on a "special mission?" You aspire to be "the representative of that principel of liberty, which God has destined to become the common benefit of humanity." Why, then, do you shrink from applying that principle to the case of those who are clanking their chains on our soil? You exultingly declare—"It is a glorious sight to see a mighty, free, powerful people come forth to greet with such a welcome the principle of freedom, even in a poor, persecuted, penniless exile!" But what have you to say of the spectacle of every sixth person held as a chattel among that same "mighty, free (!) and powerful people"? In England, you were not thus tongue-tied. Respecting the anti-slavery associations of that country, you could speak in the following complimentary terms:—"These associations are bound up with much of the glory of England, because it was by them that every great principle was carried in that country, from the abolition of slavery down to free trade." This you were quite ready to say in a land where there were no slaves sighing for deliverance, no slaveholders needing to be rebuked for their tyranny; evidently because you knew it would be a popular reference. But you have not the courage to bestow one word of approbation upon similar associations here, whose object, principles, doctrines and measures are essentially the same, and where the number retained in slavery is greater than the entire population of Scotland or New England; and where your commendation would make a deep impression, and be of vital importance in the mighty struggle for universal emancipation. Alas! you maintain a profound silence when you should lift up your voice in thunder tones; you speak when and where your approving utterance is of no special value. But, for Hungary, every one is bound to become an advocate or actor! For Hungary, all the burdens and horrors of a war conjointly with Austria and Russia should be cheerfully hazarded, because she is oppressed! "May others shut their ears to the cry of oppressed humanity," you exclaim, "because they regard duties but through the glass of petty interests; the American people have that instinct of justice and generosity, which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin"! Have they indeed? How can

this be reconciled with the existence of slavery and the slave trade among them, to an unparalleled extent? Despotic as Austria may be, she long since nobly decreed—"Every man, by right of nature, sanctioned by reason, must be considered a free person. *Every slave becomes free from the moment he touches the Austrian soil, or an Austrian ship.*" Compare this Decree with the Slave Code and the Fugitive Slave Bill of the United States, and then repeat in the hearing of an astonished world your truthless declarations—"Happy art thou, free nation of America, that thou hast founded thy house upon the only solid basis of a nation's liberty! Thou hast no tyrants among thee, to throw the apple of Eros in thy Union!"—Men, women, children, babes, constantly in the market for sale, but not a tyrant in all the land! "Europe has many things to learn from America: it has to learn the value of free institutions, and the expansive power of freedom"! Sir, your praise is the most biting satire.

II. As to what you have done and suffered for Hungary, it proves how great has been your devotion to the liberties and interests of your own countrymen; but it proves nothing more. Local patriotism, courageous and self-sacrificing to the last extremity, is no anomaly in human history. To prove that it is neither selfish nor exclusive, a world-wide test must be applied to it. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" does not mean, "Thou, a Hungarian, shalt love every other Hungarian as thyself," and there terminate: the command is of universal obligation. Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry as willingly perilled life, character and property, in struggling to overthrow British oppression, as you and your compatriots have done in attempting to throw off Austrian usurpation; yet, while they lived, they were slaveholders, and drew their sustenance, in part, from the unrequited toil, the tears and blood of their plundered vassals; and thus were guilty of trampling upon the principles which they professed to hold sacred. The American revolutionists counted nothing dear to them in their struggle for independence; yet, at that trying period, they held half a million of slaves in "a bondage, one hour of which was fraught with more misery than ages of that which they rose in rebellion to oppose"; and their descendants are now enslaving three millions two hundred thousand, while holding it to be a self-evident truth, that all men are created equal! It is one thing for a suffering and an oppressed people to combine for their own deliverance from a galling yoke; it is quite another thing for them to be regardful of the rights of others. It is comparatively easy to be the leader of millions in arms, cheered by their approving voices, and

supported by their physical strength; but the case is altered when he who attempts to lead has few or none to follow him,—when those whose cause he advocates are unable to whisper a word of encouragement,—and when no turn of fortune promises station or popularity. The plea, therefore, that your patriotic efforts in Hungary have demonstrated your abhorrence of tyranny in every clime, is not valid,—especially as on this foreign soil you have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

III. It is true, that your speeches abound with the noblest sentiments of liberty; and these would suffice, if words were always acts, and were not as cheap as the air. But what falls from your lips, in praise of freedom, is precisely what the political demagogues and office-seekers here are continually using, but (like yourself) never applying. Nay, none surpass the slaveholders of the South in their rhetorical flourishes against despotism, and in favor of the rights of man. In a recent number of the St. Louis (Ky.) *Times*, the following definition of Democracy was published in terms of commendation:

"Democracy is a sentiment not to be appalled, corrupted, or compromised. It knows no baseness, *it cowers to no danger, it oppresses no weakness.* Destructive only of despotism, it is the sole conservator of liberty, labor and property. It is the sentiment of freedom, of equal rights, of equal obligations — the law of nature pervading the law of the land."

In the same number of the *Times*, the following, with other similar advertisements, appeared:—

CASH FOR NEGROES.—The highest price will be paid in cash for negroes, on application to the undersigned, stating age, &c.

MOORE & PORTER.

At Philadelphia, Judge KANE, fresh from the court before which, estimable citizens were on trial on the charge of TREASON, because they would give no co-operation in slave-catching, could attend your banquet, and unblushingly offer the following sentiment:—

"The cause of human freedom throughout the world! Its enemies are the same every where, and why should not its allies be the same?"

He affected to believe that your "advent upon our shores was indicative of a new era, not only in the history of this country, but of the world" — and as though inspired by the noblest feelings for all mankind, he added, "The duties of man, originally bounded by the homestead, afterwards expanding around the social circle, had now a wider

orbit than the country in which it pleased God to give him birth. *Where there was a man, there man has found a brother.*" A most sentimental slave-catcher!

Presiding at the banquet given to you in Philadelphia, Hon. George M. DALLAS could readily taunt Prussia with being "a vast barbaric empire," and say —"Her structure, her policy, her cunning, her superstition, are inherently and irreconcilably adverse to human progress rights and happiness." He could pathetically allude to your case, and ask—"Why, when wandering a defenceless exile from strand to strand, far separated from the sustaining sympathies of country, race, and home, does inexorable tyranny, with agitated eye, follow his track—while its poisoned arrows of defamation are furtively shot in advance to obstruct his progress, or to deaden his appeals?" He could talk of "Despotism writhing like the huge reptile under the darts of Apollo, unconsciously recognizing the might, the majesty of Liberty." Yet, of all the Northern sycophants of the Slave Power, no one has more basely bowed the knee than himself. It is not long since he wrote to a Southern slaveholder, approving an alteration in the Constitution of the United States, so as to give ample security to the slave system against the growing spirit of freedom at the North! While, sir, in your case, he can express sympathy with "a wandering and defenceless exile," whose track is followed by "inexorable tyranny," no one is more eager than himself for the recapture of every fugitive slave who endeavors to find a hiding-place at the North!

Under the Fugitive Slave Law, already several victims have been seized and hurried from the soil of Pennsylvania, back to galling chains and a frightful servitude. That State is the "keystone of the arch" of the slave system, at least as far as the North is concerned. In no other non-slaveholding State is there less sympathy with the anti-slavery movement. Yet in your speech in Philadelphia, you could say—"The liberty of this land was not only proclaimed, but also achieved. You stand a proud, a mighty nation, unparalleled in history. But there is one word of that prophecy unfulfilled, and that word is—ALL—proclaim liberty to all the land. Now, as there is one Father only in heaven, and as there is one mankind only on earth; so all that prophecy cannot be fulfilled until other nations are at least, if not so glorious, yet as free and independent as you." The adroitness with which you overlook our slave population, and apply the command, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, *unto all the inhabitants thereof*," to "other nations," instead of giving it a true and natural rendering, is equally palpable and

significant. In desiring that "other nations" may be as free as ours, practically you ask that every sixth person of their entire population may be made a slave, for whose deliverance it shall be deemed a factious and criminal act to plead! And this, you declare, constitutes a a basis on which we have "founded a building of human freedom, and of the development of the human intellect, and of civilization, prouder, loftier than that which humanity before you has beheld through five thousand years"! Sir, something more is needed, *in this country*, than glowing generalities, to prove a man to be true to the cause of human liberty, without regard to complexion or clime.

IV. To the plea, that, by securing freedom for Hungary, you will give a powerful blow to slavery in America, it may be replied—first, even if this should follow, (which is to beg the question,) nothing can justify shuffling and double-dealing, unmerited panegyric, the substitution of falsehood for the truth; secondly, that it is paradoxical to talk of doing the best thing that can be done for your unhappy countrymen, and for the chattel slaves of this land, by striking hands in amity with the advocates and upholders of slavery; thirdly, that if the slave power of America has cause to dread your success in Hungary, then, in coming to this country for "material aid," you are convicted of extreme folly,—and in trying to propitiate that power, you are guilty of gross duplicity; and, finally, that the truth is, instead of the liberated Hungarian striking the chains from the limbs of the American slave, the existence of slavery in this republic is the all-sustaining prop of European absolutism, and the mightiest obstacle to the progress of liberty throughout the world.

V. The excuse for your silence on the subject of slavery, (so gravely reiterated as a full justification,) that, if you were to avow your real sentiments, you would excite general alarm and indignation, and quench every spark of sympathy for Hungary, it must be confessed, embodies a terrible truth; but, instead of relieving you from censure, it deepens your criminality. It shows how absolute is the sway of the slave power over this whole nation; it is a confession, that there is no substance in the welcome that you are receiving (as you flatter yourself) as "the representative of that principle of liberty which God has destined to become the common property of humanity"; and, with this consciousness of the delicacy of your position, it renders disgusting and intolerable your endless encomiums of the United States as "the land of protection for the persecuted sons of freedom among the great brotherhood of nations—great, glorious, and free"—&c., &c. Sir, what will posterity

think of you? You, a homeless and penniless fugitive, but refusing to manifest any sympathy for the fugitives from an incomparably worse than Austrian despotism! You, "a humble petitioner, with no other claims than those which the oppressed have to the sympathy of freemen," but deterred from acknowledging the superior claims of the American slave, who is supplicating for mercy! You, who profess to see in our "star-spangled banner, the proud ensign of mankind's divine origin," but afraid to cast a glance of commiseration at the millions whose "divine origin" is practically denied under that banner! You, who make the act of your liberation, "the revelation of the fact, that the United States are resolved not to allow the despots of the world to trample on oppressed humanity," but dare not in the United States say aught against the traffic "in slaves and the souls of men"! And all this, to promote the interests of your own countrymen, whose condition is one of comparative freedom and happiness!

"The cause of the solidarity of human rights," which you have come "to plead before the great republic of the United States," is not Hungarian, but universal. A people who aim or desire to be saved at the expense, or to the detriment of any other, is undeserving of salvation. This land is too full of compromisers and trimmers, to need your presence to teach us how to do evil, that good may come. What we need, what the world demands, is, an illustrious example of fidelity to the principles of liberty, in their application not merely to one but to all races and lands. You cannot be too true to Hungary; but you ought not, for her sake, to be false to America—and false you will be, if you fail to rebuke her for her atrocious system of slavery. The fact, that her soil is stained with blood, that there is no other institution to which she clings with so much tenacity as to that of slavery, that your welcome depends upon your silence where even the very stones should cry out, that the universal sympathy which is expressed for your oppressed countrymen would instantly be turned to rage, and thus proved to be spurious — this fact alone would make you faithful and fearless, instead of timid and parasitical, if "God, the Almighty," had selected you "to represent the cause of humanity" before us.

VI. As there is, in reality, only one reason for your turning a deaf ear to the cry of imbruted humanity umong us,—and that is, an apprehension of exciting popular displeasure,—it is idle to pretend that you are compelled to take this course, to avoid being mixed up with a multitude of extraneous matters that would otherwise be pressed upon your consideration. The case of millions deprived of personal liberty, and

subjected to all the mutations of property, is too distinct and too awful to be put into the same category with the question of tariff, or free trade, or the extension of suffrage, or the distribution of the public lands, or social re-organization, or national independence, or non-intervention, or any other question relating to individual advancement or the general welfare. In every land, men differ—widely and honestly differ—in their views respecting the science of political economy, and the best form of government, whether for transient or permanent adoption. But, as to chattelizing those upon whom the Creator has stamped his own image, "the same verdict has always been rendered—'GUILTY!'—the same sentence has always been pronounced—'LET IT BE ACCURSED!'—and human nature, with her million echoes, has rung it round the world in every language under heaven—'LET IT BE ACCURSED!' His heart is false to human nature, who will not say, 'AMEN!' There is not a man on earth, who does not believe that slavery is a curse. Human beings may be inconsistent, but human nature is true to herself. She has uttered her testimony against slavery with a shriek ever since the monster was begotten; and till it perishes amidst the execrations of the universe, she will traverse the world on its track, dealing her bolts upon its head, and dashing against it her condemning brand. We repeat it, every man knows that slavery is a curse. Whoever denies this, his lips libel his heart. Try him! Clank the chains in his ears, and tell him they are for him; give him an hour to prepare his wife and children for a life of slavery; bid him make haste, and get ready their necks for the yoke, and their wrists for the coffle chains; then look at his pale lips and trembling knees, and you have nature's testimony against slavery." So isolated, therefore, is this from every other question that now awakens interest or excites agitation on our soil, that, whether you give a full and manly expression of your feelings, once for all, or only incidentally raise a condemnatory voice in regard to it, it will furnish no just occasion to extort from you an opinion on any question, however important, that is strictly local in its application.

But, sir, if you are to be excused from taking one step here, in aid of suffering humanity, lest it may require others to be taken, terminating you know not where, then, certainly, it is not for you to insist on the cause of Hungary being espoused by this nation, at whatever hazard, and lead where it may! If we should interpose, in any manner, to secure freedom and independence for the oppressed of your country, why not also for the oppressed of all other countries? If we take the first step which you desire, who can predict what will be the entangle-

ments, troubles and calamities growing out of it? What claims has Hungary upon us, that Poland, that Italy, that British India, cannot as strongly and consistently urge? Yet you will listen to no excuses; you bid us see that justice is done, though the heavens fall; you implore us not by inaction to "grant a charter to despots to drown liberty in Europe's blood"; and you base your appeal on the ground of universal humanity. Are you not condemned out of your own mouth?

VII. As to the tact displayed by you, in the management of your cause, it certainly indicates great worldly shrewdness. In England, you could eulogize the government, advocate free trade, and warmly commend the abolition of West India slavery as "bound up with much of the glory" of that country; for this was sailing with both wind and tide. In the United States, your admiration is boundless for the Union, the Constitution, the Government, even the Mexican war, unparalleled for its turpitude, because waged expressly for the extension and perpetuity of slavery. All this is congenial with the popular taste. But as for free trade, the anti-slavery enterprise, &c., these are questions of "domestic policy" with which you cannot properly meddle, because they have not yet become victorious! You will find, sir, in the end, that "honesty is the best policy," and that no amount of skilful diplomacy can be advantageously substituted for manly rectitude. Strive as you may to propitiate the slave power, by which this government is moulded and directed, it will be only to your own degradation, and without attaining the end you desire.

VIII. The plea, that, in fairness, you must be supposed to know little or nothing intelligently about slavery in this country, and therefore are excusable for declining to express any opinion concerning it, is too shallow to bear an examination. It is manifest that you need not any illumination whatever on the subject. You are not more distinguished for the fervor of your eloquence, than you are for your historical knowledge. Exhibiting, as you do, so familiar an acquaintance with American affairs, from the earliest period, it is preposterous to assume that you have yet to learn to what extent slavery is tolerated on our soil, or how far the nation, as such, is responsible for it. Before leaving the shores of England, (as has already been stated,) the information communicated to you, on this point, by philanthropic individuals and associations, was abundant. The excessive care you have taken, since your arrival here, to say and do nothing indicative of sympathy with our down-trodden bondmen, is proof not of your ignorance of their miserable condition, but that you perfectly understand how absolute and all perva-

ding is the power which grinds them to the dust; and, consequently, how unpopular and perilous it is to plead their cause. Yet you have the assurance to say—"I am here on the free ground of free America. The United States number many millions of inhabitants, *all attached with warm feelings to the principles of liberty*" ! !

IX. If you are acting consistently with the course originally marked out by you, not to be identified with any movements among us,—and with the rule you have laid down, and so frequently referred to, that it is for the people of every nation to manage their own affairs, without any foreign intervention whatever,—it does not prove either the soundness of the rule or the wisdom of your conduct. For if the civil disabilities imposed upon your own countrymen are such as should excite the sympathy and elicit the remonstrances of other nations, surely the utter annihilation of the rights of millions on this boasted soil of freedom justifies, nay demands, the indignant protest of every friend of liberty throughout the world. How far you think we ought to go, in behalf of Hungary, you frankly disclose in the following admission made in your speech at the dinner given to you by the New York Bar :—

"But I may be answered—'Well, if we (the United States) make such a declaration of non-admission of the interference of Russia in Hungary, (because that is the practical meaning of the word; I will not deny,) and Russia will not respect our declaration—then we might have to go to war.' And there is the rub. Well, I am not the man to decline the consequence of my principles. I will not steal into your sympathy by slippery evasion. Yes, gentlemen, *I confess, should Russia not respect such a declaration of your country, then you are obliged, literally obliged, to go to war, or else be prepared to be degraded before mankind from your dignity.* Yes, I confess that would be the case."

For the relief, then, of those who are oppressed thousands of miles from us, it is our duty to interfere, sublimely indifferent to what may befall us, and at the risk of being "literally obliged to go to war" with the most formidable power on earth! All this is very clear to you as a fugitive from oppression, and unquestionably proper for the relief of outraged Hungarians! But when you are asked, on the ground of consistency, and by all the claims that suffering humanity can present, to "remember them that are in bonds" in this country "as bound with them," you affect to regard the call as impertinent, and declare that you have no right nor wish to exert any influence in their favor! What makes your conduct the more extraordinary is, that, while you do not scruple to solicit of us "material aid"— i. e. money and arms—and to invoke us to run the risk of involving ourselves in a bloody revolutionary struggle on European soil—you shrink from giving any counte-

nance, even of a moral kind, to a peaceful movement for the abolition of slavery in this country, the language of whose advocates is—"The principles of our revolutionary sires led them to wage war against their oppressors, and to spill human blood like water, in order to be free. Ours forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage. Their measures were physical resistance—the marshalling in arms—the hostile array—the mortal encounter. Ours shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance." (1)

But, sir, it is not true that you are pursuing a non-committal course, (even if, in your case, it were justifiable to do so,) on the question of American slavery. To say that "the language of liberty is the language of the people of the United States"; that "the United States are resolved to become the protectors of human rights"; that "it is your glorious country which Providence has selected to be the pillar of freedom, as it is already the asylum to oppressed humanity"; is not this to treat the enslavement of one sixth portion of our population with entire disregard, and to feed the self-complacency of their brutal oppressors? To address, as the true friends of freedom, such men as FILLMORE, WEBSTER, CLAY and CASS,—the great political props of the slave system,—is this to occupy neutral ground? To come to a slave-breeding, slave-hunting government, like ours, as qualified to testify and act against Russian usurpation,—is this to pass no judgment upon our national character, and to give it no endorsement? To call slavery "a question of domestic *policy*,"—to require of every Hungarian resident on our soil "non-interference" with it as a duty, and on pain of being branded as acting "injuriously to the interest of his own country,"—is this not taking sides against the slave? To declare, over and over again, "I never did or will do any thing, which, *in the remotest way*, could interfere with the matter alluded to," [slavery,]—is not this to do the bidding of the slave power in the most effectual manner?

As to your theory of non-interference with the affairs of another country, it is essentially anti-christian and inhuman, as exemplified in your conduct among us; for it strikes a blow at every foreign missionary enterprise, brands the venerable apostles of Christ as intermeddlers, and virtually repeals the command, "Go ye into all the word, and

(1) Declaration of Anti-Slavery Sentiments.

preach the gospel of freedom to every creature." To say or imply that, being a Hungarian, your right to assail despotism with moral weapons in any other portion of the world, terminates at the boundary line of Hungary, is to be guilty of a Jewish exclusiveness, and to adopt as valid the interrogation of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper"?

You are now at the Seat of Government, in the city of Washington, the Capital of the United States. You have been introduced to President Fillmore, and to both houses of Congress. In your address to the President, you say, "The star-spangled banner was seen casting its protection around me, announcing to the world there is a nation, alike powerful as free"—"cheered by your people's sympathy, so as freemen cheer, *not a man whatever, but a* PRINCIPLE"—and "may God, the Almighty, bless you with a long life, that you may long enjoy the happiness to see your country great, glorious and free, the corner-stone of international justice, and the column of freedom on the earth, as it is already an asylum to the oppressed"!! In your speech at the Congressional Banquet, you say:—

"As once Cyneas, the Epirote, stood among the Senators of Rome, who, with an earnest word of self-conscious majesty, controlled the condition of the world, and arrested mighty kings in their ambitious march; thus, *full of admiration and reverence*, I stand before you, legislators of the new capitol—that glorious hall of your people's collective majesty. The capitol of old yet stands, but the spirit has departed from it and come over to yours, *purified by the air of liberty*. The old stands a mournful monument of the fragility of human things—*yours as a sanctuary of eternal rights*. The old beamed with the red lustre of conquest, now darkened by oppression's gloomy night—*yours beams with freedom's bright ray*. The old absorbed the world by its own centralized glory—yours protects your own nation's absorption, even by itself. The old was awful with unrestricted power—yours is glorious with having restricted it. At the view of the old, nations trembled—*at the view of yours, humanity hopes*. To the old, misfortune was only introduced with fettered hands to kneel at the triumphant conqueror's heels—to yours, the triumph of introduction is granted to unfortunate exiles, invited to the honor of a seat. And where kings and Cæsars never will be hailed, for their power, might, and wealth, there the persecuted chief of a down-trodden nation is welcomed as your great Republic's guest, *precisely because he is persecuted, helpless and poor*. In the old, the terrible *væ victis* was the rule—in yours, *protection to the oppressed, malediction to ambitious oppressors, and consolation to the vanquished in a just cause*. And while out of the old, a conquered world was ruled, you in yours provide for the common confederative interests of a territory larger than the conquered world of the old. There sat men boasting their will to be the sovereigns of the world; *here sit men whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of Nature and of Nature's God, and to do what their sovereign, the people, wills*."

Sir, more biting satire than this was never uttered; yet you did not mean to be satirical. Language more at variance with the truth was never spoken. As a commentary upon it, let the following scenes,

which have occurred in that Capital which you insist "beams with freedom's bright ray," which is "the sanctuary of eternal rights," at "the view of which, humanity hopes," and in the legislative halls of which "sit men whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of Nature and of Nature's God," (*vide* the Slave Code of the District of Columbia (1) and the Fugitive Slave Bill!) as specimens of what has been constantly occurring therein for the last sixty years:—

The Washington Union of July 3, 1845, contained an advertisement, offering for sale to the highest bidder, on the 13th of July, the following property, viz:

"One negro woman, named Elizabeth, about the age of sixty years; and one negro girl, named Caroline, about the age of twenty years—seized and levied upon as the property of Henry Miller, and sold to satisfy judicials, No. 22, October term, 1847, *in favor of the Post Master General*; also, judicials, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, to June term, 1847, *in favor of the United States*, and against said Henry Miller.

ALEXANDER HUNTER,
Marshal of the District of Col."

The National Era says:—

"At the appointed time, the sale took place. Two women—a mother, aged about sixty, and a daughter of twenty—were sold *by the United States Marshal*, to satisfy *a United States claim;* and the proceeds of the sale were deposited in *the United States Treasury*, in defraying the expenditures of *the United States* Government"!!!

Read the following statement from the Washington *Spectator*, of 1830:—

"Let it be known to the citizens of America, that at the very time when the procession, which contained the President of the United States and his Cabinet, was marching in triumph to the Capital, another kind of procession was marching another way; and that consisted of colored human beings, *handcuffed in pairs*, and driven along by what had the appearance of a man on horseback! A similar scene was repeated on Saturday last. A drove consisting of males and females, *chained in couples*, starting from Roly's tavern on foot for Alexandria, where with others they are to embark on board a slave ship in waiting to convey them to the South."

Take the testimony of the late Ex-President John Quincy Adams, as given on the floor of Congress in 1838:—

"He (Mr. Pickens, of S. C.) does not know the crushing and destruction of all the tenderest and holiest ties of nature which this system produces, but which

(1) "The old slave laws of Virginia and Maryland, marked by the barbarity of other days, form *by Act of Congress* the slave code of the District. Of this code, a single sample will suffice. A slave convicted of setting fire to a building *shall have his head cut off, and his body divided into quarters, and the parts set up in the most public places!*"—Judge Jay.

I have seen, with my own eyes, in this city of Washington. Twelve months have not passed since a woman, in this District, was taken with her four infant children, and separated from her husband, who was a free man, to be sent away, I know not where. That woman in a dungeon in Alexandria, killed with her own hand two of her own children, and attempted to kill the others. The woman was asked how she could perpetrate such an act, for she had been a woman of unblemished character and religious sentiments. She replied, that wrong had been done to her and to them, that she was entitled to her freedom, though she had been sold to go to Georgia; and that she had sent her children to a better world."

Read the following advertisement, and say whether St. Petersburg or Vienna can match it for atrocity—a woman and her babe thrust into the jail at Washington, by the United States Marshal, on suspicion of being runaways, and to be sold into slavery, if not claimed, to pay their jail fees!!

NOTICE. Was committed to the jail of Washington County, District of Columbia, as a runaway, a negro woman, by the name of Polly Leiper, and her infant child William. Says she was set free by John Campbell, of Richmond, (Va.) in 1818 or 1819. The owner of the above described woman and child, if any, is requested to come and prove them, and take them away; or they will be sold for their jail fees, and other expenses, as the law directs.

TENCH RINGGOLD, *Marshal.*

Washington, May 19, 1827.

Here is another advertisement of a similar character:—

NOTICE. Was committed to the jail of Washington County, District of Columbia, on the 23d of July, 1847, as a runaway, a negro woman, who calls herself Ann E. Hodges. She is nearly black, about 5 feet 5 1-4 inches high, and about 22 years of age. Had on, when committed, a slate-colored merino dress, and a brown calico sun-bonnet. She says she is free, and served her time out with a Mr. Benjamin Daltry, of Southampton, Va.; and that Messrs. Griffin & Bishop, of the same place, know her to be free. *She has two scars on the left leg, near the knee, from the bite of a dog, one on her left wrist, and one on the point of her breast-bone, occasioned by a burn.* The owner or owners of the above described negro woman are hereby required to come forward, prove her, and take her away, or *she will be sold for her prison and other expenses,* AS THE LAW DIRECTS.

ROBT. BALL, *Jailer*, for
A. HUNTER, *Marshal.* (1)

Washington, Aug. 23, 1847.

(1) By the report of the committee on the District of Columbia, in 1829, it appears that, in three years, 179 human beings were, *by the authority of the Federal Government*, arrested in *one* county of the District, and committed to prison on no allegation of crime, but merely on suspicion of being fugitive slaves! "The Marshal of the United States," says Judge Jay, "after deciding on the liberty or bondage of his prisoners, is allowed to take his fees in human flesh, and the condemned becomes the *property* of the very judge who sentenced him to servitude, and who carries him into the market, there to make out of him as much money as he can! * * * Thus to this judge the law offers a high and tempting bribe to sell men he knows to be free, and thus he becomes a manufacturer of slaves!" In one instance, at least, Mr. Ring-

In 1846, a number of slaves attempted to escape from the District of Columbia, the Capital which "beams with freedom's bright ray," and is "the sanctuary of eternal rights," in the schooner Pearl, commanded by Capt. Sayres, bound for a Northern port. The following is an account of their capture and treatment:—

"It is as I expected: the poor negroes are taken, with captain, crew, vessel and all. This morning, as I left my boarding house, I saw coming from the street that leads to the landing, a long procession of colored people, and quite a number of soulless looking white men, marching in the direction of the Pennsylvania Avenue. I hastened to meet them, and as they came in front of the United States Hotel, the crowd became so dense that it was next to impossible for them to proceed. The captain and his crew were with them, with their hands manacled. As soon as the former became generally known to the crowd, the most intense excitement was manifested by the multitude. Oaths, that would have made even devils tremble, were poured forth, and vengeance seemed to be depicted upon their countenances. '*Drag him out!*' cried some. '*Knock his d——d brains out!*' cried others. '*Shoot him! shoot the hell-hound!*' '*Lay hold of him! hang the d——d villain!*' were some of the mildest epithets that were used by this fierce-looking band of pandemonium wretches. In the mean time, some of the officers came to the poor fellow's relief, and he was hastily put into a carriage, and driven to the jail. The procession then went on towards the jail of the district, and I hastened in advance to get a view of the whole. The men were tied together with ropes, by couples. Some of them were fine looking fellows, but their countenances wore an expression of sadness. There were about thirty women in the train, but these were permitted to march in double file, without being hand-cuffed or tied. Some of them carried babes, others led children, and many were weeping over their sad fate, while ever and anon the brutes who drove them would order them to *hush* their *snivelling*; and to make their order more imposing, would raise their cudgels over their heads, as if about to strike. As they entered the gate that opens into the jail, I counted them, and found there were in all eighty-five. Some were whiter than the wretches who had them in custody, and looked far more intellectual and worthy of liberty. The throng around the jail was immense, and I could hear the most bitter imprecations against the abolitionists and the abolition paper (National Era) of the District.

The vessel in which they were taken, was boarded by the steamer at the mouth of the river, where she was lying at anchor for a favorable breeze to take them up the bay. As the steamboat hove in sight, the negroes wished to fight and defend themselves, but were not permitted to by the captain. They then suffered themselves to be quietly taken, and are in jail by virtue of laws sanctioned by the American Congress; and you, sons of the Pilgrims, will be under the necessity of contributing your mite to sustain this system of oppression. Oh! this is a glorious country. Let the star-spangled banner be flung

gold's speculations appears not to have been very productive, having sold the victim for only $20, while his jail fees amounted to $84 82. No reason is assigned for this nominal price. Very probably, it was a case similar to the one described by the Hon. Charles Miner, in his speech on the floor of the House of Representatives, in 1829. "In August, 1821," said Mr. M., "a black man was taken up, and imprisoned as a runaway. He was kept confined until October, 1822, four hundred and five days. In this time, vermin, disease and misery had deprived him of the use of his limbs. He was rendered a cripple for life, and finally discharged, *as no one would buy him.*"

to the breeze; let peals of victory rend the heavens; let cheers go up; for slavery has triumphed over liberty, the oppressed are retaken, and are now in chains to await their doom.

Ever since that period, SAYRES and DRAYTON, the humane captain and mate of the vessel in which these poor victims attempted to make their escape, have been languishing in prison at Washington, and there is no prospect of their liberation!

Here is an incident which occurred in Washington, a few days before your advent in that city, as related by a correspondent of the Ashtabula (Ohio) *Sentinel*,—probably the Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS:—

"Yesterday, a servant man came to my room, saying a colored woman wished to speak with me. I told him to show her up. He soon returned with her. She was sobbing, and evidently in great agony of mind. I asked the cause of her grief. It was some time before she could so far compose her mind as to relate to me her misfortune; which consisted in living under the barbarous laws enacted by Congress for the government of this district. She said her husband had just been sold to a slave dealer, and taken to the baracoons of Alexandria—that his purchaser was intending to take him to Alabama in two or three days,—that she had four children at home. At this point, she burst out into a loud expression of her grief. Her sobbings were interrupted occasionally with the exclamations of "Oh God! Oh my dear children! Oh my husband!' then appealing to me, 'Oh master, for God's sake do try to get back the father of my babes!'

"I learned that her husband's name is George Tooman. His former owner is a female, named Martha Johnwood, living east of the capitol some half a mile. George went to work this morning in the barn, at husking corn, without any suspicion of the fate which awaited him. The slave dealer and an assistant came to the barn, seized him, placed handcuffs upon him, and hurried him off to the slave pen in Alexandria.

"The woman hearing of it followed him here on foot, and returned, and then sought me in the vain hope that I should be able to assist her. The day is said by many to be the coldest known here for years, yet she has been exposed to the keen piercing winds, although I think she was thinly clad. She had not seen her children since morning, when she left them without firewood. I endeavored to soothe her feelings by expressing some faint hope that her husband might yet be redeemed—that I would make inquiry, and ascertain if I could find some one who would repurchase him, and permit him to remain in the district. It was dark when she left my room to return to her home, rendered bitter by the fate of the husband and father. The cold winds rocked the building, and howled mournfully about the corners. I reflected upon the barbarous law by which Congress has authorized and encouraged such crimes, and inflicted such misery upon the down-trodden of God's poor. 'I trembled for my country when I reflected that God was just, and that his justice will not sleep forever.' I asked myself the question, will Heaven permit such wickedness, such barbarous cruelty to go unpunished? Yet Mr. Fillmore in his message advises Congress to abide by the Compromise as a final settlement of the slave question, and leave the colored women who are wives and mothers in this district to the operations of this savage law—would leave fathers here to be sold in the manner above related—leave children here to be robbed of their parents. And the Whig caucus resolve substantially that they will lend their aid to sustain this law, which would disgrace the tyrant of Austria, and would add a deeper infamy to Haynau, the butcher of the Hungarians.

My feelings are too much excited on this subject to write coolly. I only wish the men of Ashtabula county, who, since 1848, have unintentionally sustained by their votes and influence this slave trade, could have witnessed the tears, the horror of mind, the deep anguish of that woman's heart, that they could have heard her wailings, her ejaculatory prayers for her children. Methinks they would not adhere to party dictation with so much devotion."

Here is the testimony of the Hon. HENRY L. ELLSWORTH, for many years U. S. Commissioner of Patents at Washington, in a speech delivered by him at Lafayette, Indiana, in 1848 :—

"I have resided ten long years in a slave territory—the District of Columbia—the little spot the nation emphatically calls her own. Would to God that I could say slavery was not there! But there it is, to greet the arrival of strangers attracted to the metropolis by business or curiosity. Yes, there it is in awful reality. In full sight of great legislators—near the Western gate of the capitol, and almost reached by its flag—the "Pen" is found, walled in and guarded, with manacles and handcuffs, the paraphernalia of a slave ship. There human beings are daily incarcerated and brought out for sale, first exposed and proved, like cattle, sound in wind and limb, and then ironed and driven to acclimate or die in the rice swamps, or on the sugar plantations of the South.

Here, too, the dignitaries of the land, (who travel at 8 dollars for every 20 miles,) come to stock *their* farms.

Here, too, color is a crime; one speck of African blood consigns the unfortunate, if found at large, to the prison; and if, as does occur, his passport or manumission is lost, he is sold to slavery again! Those who have purchased their freedom live in constant fear of abduction. I have been awakened at the dead hour of night, by the supplication of a domestic, that I would save her sister, whom the men were carrying off. Knowing she was free, I went with a friend in search of the captive. We found her in custody of "two negro hunters," who showed an advertisement, $50 bounty; they claimed her as a runaway; she protested by her tears and assertions that she was not a slave. Force was threatened; it would have been resisted at all hazards. A night of horror to this girl passed away. The light of day beamed upon the facts; she was free, and proved it! How narrow her escape! If carried far away, her lips sealed in silence, when would her rescue arrive? At the grave!

Shall I tell you with what horror representatives at our court from foreign lands behold, at the seat of government, the exhibition of the principles of this free republic, where all men are by nature born equal!

Even citizens of the District have not nerve to behold the execution of their wishes. Mothers are separated from their children, and the injunction not to put asunder what God has joined together, is despised and rejected. Slaves are sent on pretence of business, and when beyond the sound of shrieks and supplication, they are seized and borne away to the *pen*.

Here it is that fathers sell their own children, and themselves rivet the manacles of slavery for ever!"

Read and reflect upon the following revolting case, in the light of Christianity :—

Washington, Aug. 12, 1851.

A case of considerable interest came under my observation a few days since, which has caused some excitement and considerable talk in this District. A Presbyterian Elder, in "*good and regular standing*," a reputed "watchman

upon the walls of Zion,"—among his goods and chattels is owned a young female, who is a member of the Congregational Baptist Church, which was under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Samson—the church at which Secretary Corwin and family worship. This female displeased her *religious* master in some way, and he—*Christian* man—forthwith gave her into the hands of the slave traders, who took her over to Alexandria, and incarcerated her with others in a slave pen, where she is to remain till a full "drove" is made up for the Southern market. When spoken to upon the subject, the grey-haired Elder excused *himself* by charging *her* with crime. The girl protested her innocence, and desired, even begged, for a trial. This poor helpless slave has a mother, who is also a slave, subject to all the rigors of the *lower law*. When apprised of the situation of her daughter, she flew to the pen, and with tears besought an interview with her only child, but she was cruelly repulsed, and told to begone!

As a specimen of the enactments adopted at Washington, by Congress, for the regulation of slavery in the District, take the following:—

To deal or barter with servants or slaves, subjects the person so doing (white person,) to a fine of two thousand pounds of tobacco, and in case of an inability to pay, then the offender, upon conviction before the proper court, is subjected to forty stripes, save one, on the bare back.

Free negroes and mulattoes, who intermarry with whites, are made slaves for life, and the whites made servants for seven years, the avails of such service to go towards the support of the public schools.

Slaves convicted of pilfering and other petit crimes, are subject to a whipping upon the bare back, not exceeding forty lashes.

Slaves caught away from their homes without a pass or permit, are subject to thirty-nine lashes, to be inflicted by any constable of the county.

If any slave shall strike a white person, and he is convicted of the same before a justice, said justice may cause one of the ears of the slave to be cropped.

Any person convicted of stealing any slave, or becoming accessory in any manner to a theft of this character, suffers death as a felon, without benefit of clergy.

Slaves guilty of rambling in the night, or running away without leave, are subject to punishment by whipping, cropping an ear, branding in the cheek the letter R, or otherwise, not extending to life.

In the year 1836, three hundred thousand men and women petitioned Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; but the legislators "whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of Nature and of Nature's God," and whose power over the District is absolute, passed the following resolution by the following vote—yeas, 117—nays, 68:—

"Whereas, it is extremely important and desirable, that the agitation on this subject (slavery) should be finally arrested, for the purpose of restoring tranquillity to the public mind; therefore,

Resolved, That all petitions, memorials, resolutions, and propositions, relating *in any way, or to any extent whatever*, to the subject of slavery, shall, without being either printed or referred, be laid on the table, and that no farther action whatever shall be had thereon." (1)

(1) "One of the peculiar atrocities of this resolution is, that it wrests from every member of the House his constitutional right to *propose* such measures for the government of the District

Such are the legislators "whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of Nature and of Nature's God"!!

The "star-spangled banner" of the United States seems to excite your special admiration, though beneath it millions are groaning in bondage! To what purpose it is sometimes used, you can learn by reading the following statement of a credible eye-witness, Rev. JAMES H. DICKEY:

"In the summer of 1822, as I returned with my family from a visit to the Barrens of Kentucky, I witnessed a scene such as I never witnessed before, and such as I hope never to witness again. Having passed through Paris in Bourbon county, Ky., the sound of music (beyond a little rising ground) attracted my attention. I looked forward, and saw the flag of my country waving. Supposing that I was about to meet a military parade, I drove hastily to the side of the road; and having gained the ascent, I discovered (I suppose) about forty black men all chained together after the following manner: each of them was handcuffed, and they were arranged in rank and file. A chain perhaps 40 feet long, the size of a fifth-horse-chain, was stretched between the two ranks, to which short chains were joined, which connected with the handcuffs. Behind them were, I suppose, about thirty women, in double rank, the couples tied hand to hand. A solemn sadness sat on every countenance, and the dismal silence of this march of despair was interrupted only by the sound of two violins; yes, as if to add insult to injury, the foremost couple were furnished with a violin apiece; the second couple were ornamented with cockades, while near the centre waved the Republican flag, carried by a hand *literally in chains*. I could not forbear exclaiming to the lordly driver who rode at his ease along side, 'Heaven will curse that man who engages in such traffic, and the government that protects him in it.' I pursued my journey till evening, and put up for the night; when I mentioned the scene I had witnessed. 'Ah!' (cried my landlady) 'that is my brother!' From her I learned that his name is Stone, of Bourbon county, Kentucky, in partnership with one Kinningham of Paris; and that a few days before, he had purchased a Negro woman from a man in Nicholas county. She refused to go with him; he attempted to compel her, but she defended herself. Without farther ceremony, he stepped back, and, by a blow on the side of her head with the butt of his whip, brought her to the ground; he tied her, and drove her off. I learned further, that besides the drove I had seen, there were about thirty shut up in the Paris prison for safe keeping, to be added to the company, and that they were designed for the Orleans market. And to this they are doomed for no other crime than that of a black skin and curled locks. Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

At Washington, you have had an interview with HENRY CLAY, (now an invalid,) and have professed to regard it as a great honor. Mr. CLAY holds more than sixty of his fellow creatures in slavery as his property,

as justice and humanity may require. Slaves might be burned alive in the streets of the Capital; the slavers might be crowded to suffocation with human victims; every conceivable cruelty might be practised, and no one member of the local legislature could be permitted to propose even a committee of inquiry, 'relating in any way, or to any extent whatever, to the subject of slavery.'"—JUDGE JAY.

audaciously declaring that "that is property which the law declares to be property," even the children of God,—and that "the legislation of two hundred years has sanctioned and sanctified negro slaves as property," and, therefore, they are not men! Listen to his avowal:—"I am myself a slaveholder; and I consider that kind of property as inviolable as any other in the country. I would resist as soon, and with as much firmness, encroachments upon it, as I would *encroachments upon any other kind of property.* I know there is a *visionary dogma*, which holds that negro slaves cannot be the subject of property. I shall not dwell long upon this *speculative abstraction.*" Again—"If I had been then, or were now a citizen of any of the planting States—the Southern or South-western States—I should have opposed, and would continue to oppose, *any scheme whatever of emancipation, gradual or immediate.*" Again—"It is not true, and *I rejoice that it is not true*, that either of the two great political parties in this country has any design or aim at abolition. I should deeply lament it, if it were true." There is no man living, who has done so much for the extension and perpetuation of slavery as Mr. CLAY, or who is more inimical to the anti-slavery movement. He is the President of the American Colonization Society, an association oragnized by Southern slaveholders and their Northern allies for the expatriation of the free colored population of this country to Africa, *on account of their freedom and complexion*, whom it slanderously accuses of being "the most abandoned race on earth," "scarcely reached in their debasement by the heavenly light," "a curse and contagion wherever they reside," "scorned by one class, [the whites,] and foolishly envied by another," [the slaves,] "with no privilege but that of being more vicious and miserable than slaves can be," "in one part of the country dull as a brutish beast, in another the wild stirrer up of sedition and insurrection," "forever excluded, by public sentiment, by law, and by a physical distinction, from equality," "a distinct and inferior race, repugnant to our republican (!) feelings, and dangerous to our republican (!) institutions," "in this country forever debased, forever useless, forever a nuisance, from which it were a blessing for society to be rid," "doomed by immovable barriers to eternal degradation," "weighed down by causes, powerful, universal, inevitable, which neither legislation nor Christianity can remove, as it is *an ordination of Providence, and no more to be changed than the laws of nature*," (1) yet absurdly and audaciously maintaining, in the same breath, that "they, and they only, are QUALIFIED for colonizing Africa,"—"every one of

(1) See the Annual Reports of the American Colonization Society, and its official organ, the *African Repository.*

whom," says Mr. CLAY, "is a missionary, carrying with him credentials in the holy cause of civilization, religion, and free institutions"!! The Colonization Society commends itself to slaveholding confidence and patronage by further declaring, that the removal of the free blacks "would prove one of the greatest securities to enable the master to keep in possession his property," and would "contribute more effectually to the continuance and strength of the slave system, than any or all other methods which could possibly be devised." At the head of this cruel, unnatural and oppressive combination stands HENRY CLAY, in whose presence you, LOUIS KOSSUTH, reverently bow your head, and for the prolongation of whose life you express the most earnest solicitude!

It is the boast of Mr. CLAY, that his slaves are "well fed and clad," and that "they look sleek and hearty." Doubtless, the same is true of his cattle and swine. What scenes are witnessed on his plantation at Ashland, may be inferred from the following authentic incident. In 1846, one of his slaves obtained permission of the overseer to visit his wife on a distant plantation, on condition of returning an hour earlier in the morning than usual. Unluckily, he overslept his time, but presented himself at the usual hour for labor, with a humble apology. The enraged overseer levelled a blow at him with a handspike, the point of which passed along by the side of the slave's head with such force as to cut through his hat; and the scalp, from near the middle of the forehead to the back of the ear, was cut through also.

"When the wounded slave had so far recovered from the stunning effects of the blow as to be able to walk, he turned away towards Mr. Clay's mansion, to tell him of his wrongs. The overseer seeing the course he took, and guessing at his object, put the dogs after him, one of which caught him by the calf of the leg. This he choked off, and made his way to Mr. Clay's presence. There he addressed this form of speech to his master: "Massa Clay, I have worked for you now nine years, and if I haven't done my work as well as the rest of the people, and been as early at home Monday morning as massa says, I wish massa Clay tell me so, and not let the overseer cut my head so bad with the handspike." "You impudent fellow! what sent you here to tell of your working for me nine years, or any other time? Why, you black rascal, *I paid seven hundred dollars for you!* Go back and attend to your work; and I will see to settling this matter with the overseer."

Meeting with this harsh rebuff, he turned into one of the negro cabins, got his head dressed the best way he could, and hurried back to the hog-killing, where he labored through the day as well as he was able. In the course of the day, the overseer had an interview with the sage of Ashland, when these wise men and benevolent individuals came to this conclusion: "The impudent, refractory slave must be curbed and broke in by three hundred lashes, well laid on." The "Sage" directed his faithful overseer to call to his assistance Mr. Wickliffe's overseer, that between them both, "right and justice" might be done.

Some three days after this, the overseer of Mr. Wickliffe came riding up to

where H. Clay's "well fed," &c., were at work, under the patriarchal guidance of his chosen overseer, when the bland salutation, "Good morning, sir," from Wickliffe's organ, was responded to by the Clay organ in the most chivalric and genteel manner possible; echoing back the bewitching "Good morning, sir. Will you be so good as to dismount, and see how we get along, sir?" Persuaded to do so by the courteous bearing of the Clay man, he dismounted, and stood erect in all his dignity before the "civil and respectful" Ashlanders; while his brother overseer made his horse fast to a post. This done, the Clay overseer tapped the half-scalped $700 slave, (not in soon enough at the hog-killing on Monday,) significantly on the shoulder, with the alarming direction, "Come, boy, go with us; we have some business to attend to with you." This was on an extremely cold morning in December last. The overseers led the way across the fields to an old barn, near the woods. Here the victim was tied both hands together, and both feet in like manner, with ropes; after stripping the body above the hips entirely naked. This done, one end of a rope was tied fast to the rope which bound the hands, and the other end flung over a beam, upon which the two overseers flung their weight, and raised up the doomed slave to the proper height for receiving a kind, salutary whipping. To prevent the body from turning round, a rail was passed through between the legs, resting upon the rope that bound them together. All things being now ready, the Clay overseer thought of his whip for the first time, which, in his haste to shed innocent blood, he had entirely overlooked. To supply this defect, he hastened to the adjoining wood, and cut a good armful of ox-goads; the tortured slave, in the meantime, hanging in the position above mentioned, exposed to the bitter blasts of cold December. Upon his return, the work of flaying alive commenced. After striking some 150 times, Wickliffe's overseer advised him to desist, remarking, "I think he will obey you now." The infuriated Clay man had not drunk deep enough of blood yet, and renewed, and for some time continued his terrible work, till the less excited and more considerate Wickliffe man cried, "Stop, if you mean to spare the boy alive." After having been suspended three quarters of an hour, the victim of Kentucky law, and Ashland usage, was lowered down, unbound, and his clothes placed over his lacerated, bruised, mangled, and half-frozen body, and left lying in the cold barn; while the gentlemen executioners walked off to watch for other prey. The poor slave had barely strength to drag himself to some friendly negro-quarters, where his wounds could be mollified, the broken splinters of wood left sticking in his mangled body picked out, and healing remedies applied, to restore him to something like a living condition again. As soon as he was able to visit his wife, he did so, and she, filled with astonishment and horror, at beholding the condition in which he came back to her, and fully impressed as she was with the certainty of his being sold down the river, as soon as his wounds were healed, if for nothing else, to rid Ashland of a witness to its cruelty, she advised him by all means to make his escape, as soon as he could possibly bear the fatigues of travelling by night, and shape his course toward a land of freedom. In obedience to the counsellings of his wife, and the promptings of his own heart and will, he made the attempt while his wounds were in a measure yet green; and under the protection of Him who "tempers the winds to the shorn lamb," he had reached thus far on his way to a "city of refuge," when Prof. H. fell in company with him. (1) His guide through Ohio was a native born fellow-citizen of the chivalric, the gallant State of Kentucky. He, too, had drunk deep and long of that death-dealing cup, mingled in the Southern prison-house, the land of oppression.

(1) This poor man stated to Prof. H., that "Henry Clay, last summer, sold ten slaves for the Southern market—and the summer before, one. Also, that summer before last, one of his slaves received an infliction of *four hundred lashes*—and a short time after, he hung himself."

A beloved wife and child had for ever been torn from his embrace by the damnable operations of Kentucky slave-law. The wife of his youth, if she yet survives, is now the *property* of a Mississippi planter, purchased for the unhallowed purpose of satisfying his "fleshly lusts, which war against the soul, and drown men in perdition."

Mr. CLAY's chattel having succeeded in reaching Canada, a public meeting was held at Amherstburgh on his arrival, the official proceedings of which are herewith annexed :—

THE SLAVE OF HENRY CLAY.

Amherstburgh, March 13, 1845.

A public meeting of the citizens of Amherstburgh, Canada West, met in Union Chapel, to hear an address from Lewis Richardson, a fugitive from Henry Clay, of Ashland, Kentucky. At half-past 7 o'clock, A. M., the house was called to order by Mr. L. Foster, who acted as chairman of the meeting, and J. Binga, secretary. After the object of the meeting was explained by H. Bibb, of Detroit, Mr. Richardson proceeded as follows:—

"Dear Brethren, I am truly happy to meet with you on British soil, (cheers,) where I am not known by the color of my skin, but where the Government knows me as a man. I am now free from American slavery, after wearing the galling chains on my limbs 53 years; nine of which it has been my unhappy lot to be the slave of Henry Clay. It has been said by some, that Clay's slaves had rather live with him than be free; but I had rather this day have a millstone tied to my neck, and be sunk to the bottom of Detroit river, than to go back to Ashland, and be his slave for life. As late as Dec., 1845, H. Clay had me stripped and tied up, and one hundred and fifty lashes given me on my naked back; the crime for which I was so abused was, I failed to return home on a visit to see my wife, on Monday morning, before 5 o'clock. My wife was living on another place, three miles from Ashland. During the nine years living with Mr. Clay, he has not given me hat nor cap to wear, nor a stitch of bed clothes, except one small coarse blanket. Yet he has said publicly his slaves were 'fat and sleek'! But I say if they are, it is not because they are so well used by him. They have nothing but coarse bread and meat to eat, and not enough of that. They are allowanced every week. For each field hand is allowed one peck of coarse corn meal, and meat in proportion, and no vegetables of any kind. Such is the treatment that Henry Clay's slaves receive from him. I can truly say that I have only one thing to lament over, and that is my bereft wife, who is yet in bondage. If I only had her with me, I should be happy. Yet think not that I am unhappy. Think not that I regret the choice I have made. I counted the cost before I started. Before I took leave of my wife, she wept over me, and dressed the wounds on my back, caused by the lash. I then gave her the parting hand, and started for Canada. I expected to be pursued as a felon, as I had been before, and to be hunted as a fox from mountain to cave. I well knew if I continued much longer with Clay, that I should be killed by such floggings and abuse by his cruel overseer in my old age. I wanted to be free before I died—and if I should be caught on the way to Canada, and taken back, it could be but death, and I might as well die with the colic as the fever. With these considerations, I started for Canada

Such usage as this caused me to flee from under the American eagle, and take shelter under the British crown. (Cheers.) Thanks be to Heaven that I have got here at last! On yonder side of Detroit river, I was recognized as property; but on this side I am on free soil. Hail, Britannia! Shame, America!

(Cheers.) A republican despotism, holding three millions of fellow-men in slavery! Oh, what a contrast between slavery and liberty! Here I stand erect, without a chain upon my limbs. (Cheers.) Redeemed, emancipated by the generosity of Great Britain. (Cheers.) I now feel as independent as ever Henry Clay felt when he was running for the White House. In fact, I feel better. He has been defeated four or five times, and I but once. But he was running for slavery, and I for liberty. I think I have beat him out of sight. Thanks be to God that I am elected to Canada, and if I don't live but one night, I am determined to die on free soil. Let my days be few or many, let me die sooner or later, my grave shall be made in free soil."

So much for the principles, conduct, character and position of HENRY CLAY, who expresses so much sympathy for the poor Hungarians!

Among those who have come forward, at Washington, to welcome you to the Capital, is Judge BAILEY. On being informed, by himself, that he was from Virginia, (true to your parasitical policy,) you exclaimed—"Virginia! the mother of statesmen!" Yes—of statesmen, under whose iron rule nearly half a million of slaves are groaning on the blood-stained soil of Virginia! One of these, (Mr. GHOLSON,) in his speech in the legislature of that State, Jan. 18, 1832, said :—

"It has always (perhaps erroneously) been considered, by steady and old-fashioned people, that the owner of land had a reasonable right to its annual profits; the owner of orchards, to their annual fruits; the owner of brood mares, to their product; and *the owner of female slaves, to their increase.* We have not the fine-spun intelligence nor legal acumen to discuss the technical distinctions drawn by gentlemen. The legal maxim of '*Partus sequitur ventrem*' is coeval with the existence of the rights of property itself, and is founded in wisdom and justice. It is on the justice and inviolability of this maxim, that the master foregoes the services of the female slave; has her nursed and attended during the period of her gestation, and raises the helpless and infant offspring. *The value of the property justifies the expense;* and I do not hesitate to say, that *in its increase consists much of our wealth.*"

Human flesh is now the great staple of Virginia. In the Legislature of that State in 1832, THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH declared that Virginia had been converted into "*one grand menagerie, where men are reared for the market like oxen for the shambles.*" This same gentleman thus compared the foreign with the domestic traffic :—"The trader (African) receives the slave, a stranger in aspect, language, and manners, from the merchant who brought him from the interior. But *here*, sir, individuals whom the master has known from infancy—whom he has seen sporting in the innocent gambols of childhood—who have been accustomed to look to him for protection, *he tears from the mother's arms, and sells into a strange country, among a strange people, subject to cruel taskmasters.* In my opinion, it is *much worse.*"

Mr. C. F. MERCER asserted in the Virginia Convention of 1829, "The tables of the natural growth of the slave population demonstrate, when

compared with the increase of its numbers in the Commonwealth for twenty years past, that an annual revenue of not less than *a million and a half of dollars* is derived from the *exportation* of a part of this population."—*Debates, p.* 99.

The Richmond Enquirer of Nov. 13, 1846, says—"Negroes have become the only *reliable staple* of the tobacco-growing sections of Virginia, *the only reliable means of liquidating debts, foreign and domestic"!* It was stated in the Virginia *Times*, in 1836, that the number of slaves exported for sale 'the last twelve months,' amounted to FORTY THOUSAND; each slave averaging six hundred dollars, and thus yielding a capital of TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS"! (1)

J. K. PAULDING, the late Secretary of the Navy, gives the following picture of a scene he witnessed in Virginia:—

"The sun was shining out very hot, and in turning an angle of the road, we encountered the following group: first, a little cart drawn by one horse, in which five or six half naked black children were tumbled like pigs together. The cart had no covering, and they seemed to have been actually broiled to sleep. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings; next came three men, bareheaded, half naked, and *chained together with an ox chain.* Last of all came a white man—a white man, Frank!—on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the impudence to look us in the face without blushing. I should like to have seen him hunted by bloodhounds. At a house where we stopped a little further on, we learned that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner to some of the more Southern States. Shame on the State of Maryland! I say—and shame on the State of Virginia! and every State through which this wretched cavalcade was permitted to pass. Do they expect that such exhibitions will not dishonor them in the eyes of strangers, however they may be reconciled to them by education and habit?"

So much for "Virginia, the mother of statesmen"!—But this is not all. In the year 1831, an insurrection of slaves took place in Southampton, Virginia,—like your own struggle in Hungary. What was the sequel you will learn by reading the following particulars:—

RICHMOND, (Va.) August 23, 1851.

An express reached the Governor this morning, informing him that an insurrection had broken out in Southampton, and that, by the last accounts, there are seventy whites massacred, and the militia retreating. The negroes are armed with muskets, scythes, axes, &c. &c. Our volunteers are marching to the scene

(1) "A writer in the New Orleans *Argus*, Sept. 1830, in an article on the culture of the sugar cane, says—'The loss by death in bringing slaves from a northern climate, which our planters are under the necessity of doing, is not less than twenty-five per cent.'!! Our tables prove the same thing. Of the 40,000 slaves annually carried South, only 29,101 are found to survive;—*a greater sacrifice of life than that caused by the middle passage*"!—[*Slavery and the Constitution, by William I. Bowditch.*

of action. The Fayette Artillery and the Light Dragoons will leave here this evening for Southampton. * * Col. House, commanding at Fortress Monroe, at 6 o'clock this morning, embarked on board the steamer Hampton, with three companies and a piece of artillery for Suffolk. These troops were reinforced in the Roads by detachments from the U. S. ships Warren and Natchez, the whole amounting to nearly 300 men. * * * Muskets, pistols, swords and ammunition, have been forwarded to Suffolk to-day, by Commodore Warrington, at the request of our civil authorities. * * * We do not yet know the strength of the blacks, but think they must all perish within a few days.

AUGUST 25. Passengers by the Fayetteville stage say that, by the latest accounts, 120 negroes had been killed. * * Several prisoners were put to death forthwith by the enraged inhabitants. The celebrated Nelson, called by the blacks "General Nelson," Hercules or Hark, Gen. Moore and the other ringleaders, except Nat Turner, the prophet, had all been shot or taken prisoners. Turner calls himself General Turner. He pretends to be a Baptist preacher—is a great enthusiast. He stimulated his comrades to join with him, by declaring to them that he had been commissioned by Jesus Christ, and that he was acting under inspired direction in what he was going to do. He is represented, in a description of his person, to have "a scar on one of his temples; also one on the back of his neck, and a large knot on one of the bones of his right arm, near the wrist, produced by a blow." * * * The United States troops, at Old Point Comfort, have been ordered out to scour the Dismal Swamp, in which it is asserted from two to three thousand blacks are concealed.

A letter from Rev. G. W. Powell, under date of Aug. 27, says that "there are thousands of troops in arms, searching in every direction, and many negroes are killed every day. *The exact number will never be ascertained.*" Eleven of the insurgents have already been tried, condemned, and executed. Thirty yet remain to be tried.

A young gentleman in Virginia, in a letter to his parents residing in New Hampshire, says—"It is truly revolting to learn, that, without trial—*in some instances, without the shadow of suspicion*—innocent colored persons were sacrificed without mercy to the excited passion and inconsiderate revenge of the whites in pursuit. One negro, I am informed, was sent on horseback, upon an errand to the next neighbor's, and commanded to go quick. While he was riding along rather fast, a company of soldiers, supposing him an enemy fleeing, let in a whole volley upon him, and killed both man and horse. Another was taken alive, and put to death by torture. *They burnt him with red hot irons—cut off his ears and nose—stabbed him—cut his ham-strings—stuck him like a hog—and, at last, cut off his head, and spiked it to the whipping post,* for a spectacle and a warning to the other negroes.'

In riding in the stage from Richmond to Fredericksburg, a passenger by the name of Smith, direct from the seat of the insurrection, stated that the blacks who were taken prisoners were killed in the most barbarous manner. *Their noses and ears were cut off, the flesh of their cheeks cut out, their jaws broken asunder, and then set up as a mark to shoot at!* If a black was found out of doors, after dark, without a pass, he was immediately shot down.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 20. We have been under a very great excitement here, in consequence of an expected insurrection among our blacks. It appears, on investigation, that the plot was much deeper laid than we anticipated. * * * The leaders in this plot have all been executed—Nimrod, Dan, Prince and Abraham were all shot this morning, at 6 o'clock, on Gallows Hill, and *their heads are now sticking on poles at the four corners of the town.*

SEPT. 28. Three ringleaders of the late diabolical conspiracy were executed at Onslow Court House, on Friday evening last, 23d inst., *by the people.*

It is said that four negroes who were suspected to be in the plot *were flogged to make them confess, and then hung upon their confessions!*

JERUSALEM, (Va.) Oct. 31. Last night, about 9 o'clock, the news reached our little village that General Nat was taken alive. He reached this place, well guarded, to-day, at a quarter after 1 o'clock, and was committed to prison. During two hours close examination, he evinced great intelligence and much shrewdness of intellect, answering every question clearly and distinctly, and without confusion or prevarication. He seems to labor under as perfect a state of fanatical delusion (!) as ever wretched man suffered. He does not hesitate to say, that, even now, *he thinks he was right*, but admits he may possibly have been deceived. Nevertheless, he seems of the opinion, that if his time were to go over again, *he must necessarily act in the same way.*

A correspondent of the Richmond Whig says—"Nat had for some time thought closely on this subject; for I have in my possession some papers given up by his wife, *under the lash.*"

We learn, says the Petersburg *Intelligencer*, by a gentleman from Southampton, that the fanatical murderer, Nat Turner, was executed, according to his sentence, at Jerusalem, (1) on Friday last, about 1 o'clock. He exhibited the utmost composure throughout the whole ceremony; and although assured that he might, if he thought proper, address the immense crowd assembled on the occasion, declined availing himself of the privilege, and told the sheriff, in a firm voice, that he was ready. *Not a limb or a muscle was observed to move.*"

And this, O KOSSUTH, in "Virginia, the mother of statesmen"—in "the glorious republic of the United States, whose millions of inhabitants are all attached with warm feelings to the principles of liberty, with no tyrants among them"! What can equal it, in point of atrocity and horror, in the history of the Hungarian struggle with Austria and Russia combined? And where has there appeared a more heroic spirit than that of NATHANIEL TURNER, the unfortunate but indomitable slave leader in the Southampton insurrection? Is the State, is the nation, that put him to an ignominious death, the State or nation to rally in behalf of Hungary, or to arraign the Autocrat of Russia for his tyranny?

To complete this "assemblage of horrors," we present for your contemplation a few other illustrations of American slavery.

In the summer of 1845, a number of slaves attempted to escape from Maryland, that they might find liberty and protection under the British flag in Canada. If you would learn their fate, read the following statement communicated to the New York *Herald*:—

BALTIMORE, July 12, 1845.

I learn from a gentleman who was present at the arrest of a gang of runaway negroes near Rockville, Maryland, that they were treated in the most brutal manner by their captors. When surrounded by the Rockville volun-

(1) "Jerusalem, where our Lord was crucified."

teers, they were commanded to surrender, and because one out of forty showed a determination to resist, a whole volley of balls from rifles and pistols was poured indiscriminately among them. Those wounded are Ferdinand, slave of Wm. Browner, a ball in the left side of his neck, which will probably prove fatal; James, slave of Edwin Jones, rifle ball in his back, which will cripple him for life; David, a slave of John Hamet, part of his cheek torn away, and a ball in his back; David, another slave of John Hamet, his right arm completely shattered with a musket ball; James, a slave of Barnes' estate, perfectly riddled with balls in his side and neck, and part of his cheek torn away; Mark, do., a pistol ball in the back of his neck; James Gray, belonging to Chas. Rye, severely wounded on the side of his face; Lewis Dey, a slave of Colonel Miller, struck with a ball on the side of his face; Henry, slave of General Chapman, a ball in his back. Had their arms been loaded with fine shot, or even a little coarse salt, it would have answered every purpose; but instead of that, the deadly bullet must be used, and aim taken in every instance, as will be seen by the direction of the shot, at the head and shoulders, instead of the extremities. Some of them, on their return, even regretted that they "could not make the damn niggers resist, so that they might have had the pleasure of shooting them all down." They were all marched with ox chains, handcuffs, &c., and driven through Washington yesterday, on their way to their homes, more like a drove of hogs than human beings. In less than a week, those that escaped the balls of their captors will be on their way to the cotton fields of Louisiana, while some at least of the wounded will die of neglect.

The Natchez *Free Trader* gives an account of the arrest of a fugitive negro boy, named Joseph, who confessed (probably under the lash) to having committed various revolting crimes, including murder; after which, it was deliberately resolved that THE NEGRO SHOULD BE BURNED ALIVE! The terrible scene is thus described:—

"The body was taken and chained to a tree immediately on the banks of the Mississippi, on what is called Union Point. Fagots were then collected and piled around him, to which he appeared quite indifferent. When the work was completed, he was asked what he had to say. He then warned all to take example by him, and asked the prayers of all around; he then called for a drink of water, which was handed to him; he drank it, and said: 'Now set fire—I am ready to go in peace!' The torches were lighted, and placed in the pile, which soon ignited. He watched unmoved the curling flame that grew, until it began to entwine itself around and feed upon his body; then he sent forth cries of agony painful to the ear, begging some one to blow his brains out; at the same time surging with almost superhuman strength, until the staple with which the chain was fastened to the tree (not being well secured) drew out, and he leaped from the burning pile. At that moment the sharp ringing of several rifles was heard: the body of the negro fell a corpse on the ground. He was picked up by some two or three, and again thrown into the fire, and consumed —not a vestige remaining to show that such a being ever existed."

Here is another case of human burning, as detailed in the New Orleans *Bulletin*:—

ANOTHER NEGRO BURNED.—We learn from the clerk of the Highlander, that while wooding a short distance below the mouth of Red River, they were invited to stop a short time, and see another negro burned. They were informed

that the fellow who was prepared for the exhibition was another of the gang recently mentioned as having committed enormities, and fled to the swamp—one of whom was burnt, as already published. The last fellow had killed a man, and carried off two women, one of whom he had violated; and for this they had him well chained, and the fagots ready, with a view of giving him a foretaste of his inevitable, ultimate end.

Take a third and final case, though the number might be indefinitely extended :—

Horrible.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Herald* relates the following occurrence, but it seems scarcely credible. It is said to have occurred near Oakland Cottage, Mississippi: "A slaveholder, a short time previous to his death, made provisions for the liberation of his slaves. Those who were entrusted with the execution of his designs failing or refusing to carry out his last will and testament concerning the slaves, the latter became restive and impatient to enjoy their long looked for boon. At length, disappointment, expecting to be sold, and incensed at their oppressors, they set fire to the overseer's dwelling, and burnt it to the ground. A little child, which they were unable to rescue, was consumed in the flames. The slaves, eight or nine in number, were taken, and two of them hung on the spot. The others were taken into an old log-house, and chained to the floor. The house was then set on fire, and they were, by a slow fire, burned to death, in a most shocking manner, while the air was rent with their unavailing shrieks and screams."

Read the following heart-rending narrative, as given by Isaac Johnson and his wife, who have just escaped from the South, and are now in Canada. It is taken from the *Voice of the Fugitive*:—

They were held as property in the State of Mississippi, a short time since, and were the parents of an only child, which was about thirteen months old. A few days before they started on the hazardous voyage to Canada, the mother learned that she was sold to a slave trader, who intended to separate her from her beloved child and husband, never more to see them on this earth. But they resolved on running away to Canada, with their child, or perish by the way. They succeeded in crossing over the line into what is called a free State, (Indiana,) with their child, where they were chased until their babe was sacrificed on the bloody altar of Slavery. On seeing that they were closely pursued, they broke and ran to a corn field—the wife first got over the fence, and the husband handed her the child, with which she ran as fast as she could. She heard the pursuer saying "stop, stop, or I will shoot you down;" and before she had proceeded far, a gun was fired, and her child was shot dead from her back—and the ball, which passed through the child's neck, cut off one corner of the mother's ear. At this moment the poor mother fell down with her lifeless babe, when she was rushed upon by two white men, who commenced trying to bind her with ropes; but when she cried for help, her husband came to her relief—the contest was desperate for a few moments; the wife and husband both fought until they brought down one of the party, and his companion fled and left him. The husband and wife, fearing that they would soon be surrounded and overpowered, and seeing that their little one was dead, and that they could do it no good, reluctantly left it lying by the villain who shot it. Fortunately for them, they soon found a depot of the underground railroad, and one of the conductors thereof was kind enough to put on an extra train, which soon landed them on a soil where "no slave can breathe." We deeply sympathize with them in their

bereavement, while we think that it would be far better that ten thousand children should perish by the wayside, than for one to be taken back into Southern slavery.

After reading an occurrence like this, indulge once more (if you can) in your encomiums upon "this glorious country, which Providence has selected to be the pillar of freedom, as it is already the asylum to oppressed humanity"!

Sir, you have signified your intention to visit Boston, and doubtless feel an electric thrill at the thought of standing in Faneuil Hall, and by the granite shaft on Bunker Hill. What will you say, what can you say, in view of a recital like the following, published in the New York *Evangelist*?

A Scene in Boston.—A colored girl eighteen years of age, a few years ago, escaped from slavery at the South. Through scenes of adventure and peril, almost more strange than fiction can create, she found her way to Boston. She obtained employment, secured friends, and became a consistent member of a Methodist Church. She became interested in a very worthy young man, of her own complexion, who was a member of the same church. They were soon married. Their home, though humble, was the abode of piety and contentment. Industrious, temperate and frugal, all their wants were supplied. Seven years passed away. They had two little boys, one six and the other four years of age. These children, the sons of a free father, but of a mother who had been a slave, by the laws of our Southern States, were doomed to their mother's fate. These Boston boys, born beneath the shadow of Fanueil Hall, the sons of a free citizen of Boston, and educated in the Boston free schools, were by the compromises of the Constitution admitted to be slaves, the property of a South Carolinian planter. The Boston father had no right to his own sons. The law, however, had long been considered a dead letter. The Christian mother, as she morning and evening bowed with her children in prayer, felt that they were safe from the slave-hunter, surrounded as they were by the churches, the schools, and the free institutions of Massachusetts.

The Fugitive Slave Law was enacted. It revived the hopes of the slave-owners. A young, healthy, energetic mother, with two fine boys, was a rich prize. She would make an excellent breeder. Good men began to say, "We must enforce this law; it is one of the compromises of the Constitution." Christian ministers began to preach, "The voice of law is the voice of God. There is no higher rule of duty. We must send back the fugitive and her children, even though we take our sister from the sacramental table of our common Saviour."

The poor woman was panic-stricken. Her friends gathered around her, and trembled for her. Her husband was absent from home, a seaman on board one of our Liverpool packets. She was afraid to go out of doors, lest one from the South should see her, and recognize her. One day, as she was going to the grocery for some provisions, her quick and anxious eye caught a glimpse of a man prowling around, whom she immediately recognized as from the vicinity of her old home of slavery. Almost fainting with terror, she hastened home, and taking her two children by the hand, fled to the house of a friend. She and her trembling children were hid in the garret. In less than one hour after her escape, the officer, with a writ, came for her arrest.

It was a dark and stormy day. The rain, freezing as it fell, swept in floods through the streets of Boston. Night came, cold, black and tempestuous. At midnight her friends took her in a hack, and conveyed her, with her children, to the house of her pastor. A prayer meeting had been appointed there, at that hour, in behalf of their suffering sister. A small group of stricken hearts were there assembled. They knelt in prayer. The poor mother, thus hunted from her home, her husband far away, sobbed, in the bitterness of her anguish, as though her heart would break. Her little children, trembling before a doom, the enormity of which they were incapable of appreciating, cried loudly and uncontrollably. The humble minister caught the contagion. His voice became inarticulate through emotion. Bowing his head, he ceased to pray, and yielded himself to the sobbings of sympathy and grief. The floods of anguish were unloosed. Groanings and lamentations filled the room. No one could pray. Before the Lord they could only weep. Other fugitives were there, trembling in view of a doom more dreadful to them than death.

After an hour of weeping, for the voice of prayer had passed away into the sublimity of unutterable anguish, they took this Christian mother and her children, in a hack, and conveyed them to one of the Cunard steamers, which fortunately was to sail for Halifax the next day. They took them in the gloom of midnight, through the tempest-swept streets, lest the slave-hunter should meet them. Her brethren and sisters of the church raised a little money from their scanty means to pay her passage, and to save her, for a few days, from starving, after her first arrival in the cold land of strangers. Her husband soon returned to Boston to find his home desolate, his wife and his children exiles in a foreign land. These facts need no word painting. I think that this narrative may be relied upon as accurate. I received the facts from the lips of one, a member of the church, who was present at that midnight "weeping meeting," before the Lord. Such is slavery in Boston, in the year 1852. Shade of Calhoun! Has the North nothing to do with slavery?

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Brunswick, Me., Jan., 1852.

Such, sir, are the deeds perpetrated and legalized in the land to which you have come, to ask its sympathy and aid in behalf of oppressed Hungarians! Whether you have not mistaken your mission, and sullied your character, in so doing, let a candid world decide. Whatever may be the popularity of the hour, and however you may strive to propitiate the bloody power of Slavery to accomplish the end in view, your self-abasement will be in vain. Hungary has nothing to hope or expect from slaveholding America.

In behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY,
WENDELL PHILLIPS, } *Secretaries.*

APPENDIX.

KOSSUTH'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

In December last, the following brief but significant Address appeared simultaneously in the New York daily papers. No one doubts its special reference to the question of American slavery, although KOSSUTH is too wary to refer to it in explicit terms, but wraps up his meaning in the language of generalization.

Having come to the United States to avail myself, for the cause of my country, of the sympathy which I had reason to believe existed in the heart of the nation, I found it my duty to declare, in the first moments of my arrival, that it is my mission to plead the independence of Hungary, and the liberty of the European Continent, before the great Republic of the United States. My principle in this respect is, that every nation has the sovereign right to dispose of its own domestic affairs, without any foreign interference; that I, therefore, shall not meddle with any domestic concerns of the United States, and that I expect it from all the friends of my cause, not to do any thing in respect to myself, that could throw difficulties in my way, and, while expressing sympathy for the cause, would injure it.

It is with regret that I must feel the necessity of again making that appeal to the public opinion of this country, and particularly to those who profess themselves to be the friends of my cause, to give one proof of their sympathy by avoiding every step which might entangle me in difficulties in respect to that rule which I have adopted, and which I again declare to be my leading principle, viz: not to mix, and not to be mixed up with whatever domestic concerns or party questions.

L. KOSSUTH.

New York, Dec. 12, 1851.

ANOTHER DISCLAIMER.

In the course of his speech delivered at the Citizens' Banquet in Philadelphia, Dec. 26th, KOSSUTH, in denying certain imputations cast upon him, said:—

"The third incident is yet more curious, if possible; and the more abominable, because to arrest my movements, a nameless enemy in the dark intended even to wound the honor of your own fellow citizens. I received a letter—again a forged one. The gentleman, whose name the forger so abused, has declared to me that it is a vile and stupid forgery. The following is the letter alluded to:—

December 23, 1851.

HON. LOUIS KOSSUTH:

Respected Sir:—It is my unpleasant duty to apprise you, that the intervention or non-intervention sentiments that you have promulgated in your speeches in the city of New York, are unsuitable to the region of Pennsylvania, situated as she is on the borders of several slaveholding States; and after a conference with my distinguished uncle, the Hon. John Sargent, the Hon. Horace Binney, and other distinguished counsellors, who concur with me in the sentiment I feel, most reluctantly, I assure you, that such sentiments are incendiary in their character and effect, and as the conservator of the public morals and the peace of the country, having sworn to comply with the Constitution of the United States and the State of Pennsylvania, on taking upon myself the office of Attorney General of the County of Philadelphia, I shall be obliged to bring any such sentiments to the notice of the Grand Inquest of the county for their action and consideration.

Respectfully,

W. B. REED, Attorney General.

Kossuth commentde on this letter as follows:—

"Now, such a letter, and yet a forgery, indeed, is a despicable trick; but though it is a forgery, still there is one thing which forces me to some humble remarks, precisely because I know not whence comes the blow. I am referring to these words:—'Your intervention or non-intervention sentiments are unsuited to the region of Pennsylvania, situated as she is on the borders of several slaveholding States.' I avail myself of this opportunity to declare once more, that I never did or will do *any thing which, in the remotest way, could interfere with the matter alluded to*, nor with whatever other domestic question of your united Republic, *or of a single State of it.* I have declared it openly several times, and on all and every opportunity, I have proved to be as good as my word. I dare say that even the pledge of the word of honor of an honest man should not be considered a sufficient security in that respect. The publicly avowed basis of my humble claims, and the unavoidable logic of it, would prove to be a decisive authority.

"What is the ground upon which I stand before the mighty tribunal of the public opinion of the United States? It is the sovereign right of every nation to dispose of its own domestic concerns. (Great applause.) What is it I humbly ask of the United States? It is that they may generously be pleased to protect this sovereign right of every nation against the encroaching violence of Russia. It is, therefore, eminently clear that, this being my ground, I cannot and will not meddle with any domestic question of this Republic. (Applause.) Indeed, I more and more perceive that, to speak with Hamlet, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in my philosophy.' (Laughter and applause.) But still, I will stand upright on however slippery ground, by taking hold of that legitimate fence of *not meddling in your domestic questions.*"

FURTHER AND CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF KOSSUTH'S RECREANCY.

Read the following documents, which need no elucidation :—

PROSPECTUS AND PLATFORM.

The undersigned respectfully announce to the public that their paper, called the *Neue Yorker Deutsche Zeitung* will terminate with the end of December. From the 1st of January, 1852, it will appear under the title :—*Demokratischer Voelkerbund*, edited by Messrs. Gyurman and Wutschel.

Mr. Gyurman was for three years collaborateur for the newspaper *Pesti Hirlap*, the principal editor of which was Mr. Kossuth. It is known with what success this paper incited the agitation in Hungary against the oppression of the family of Hapsburg, and prepared the revolution of 1848. During the whole existence of the Hungarian national government, Mr. Gyurman was chief editor of the official paper, *Koezloeny.*— He fled subsequently to Turkey, was exiled at the same time with Kossuth to Kutaya, and came, ultimately, on board the Mississippi to America. Governor Kossuth recommends Mr. Gyurman in the subjoined letter, as a talented, as well as a determined defender of the cause of democracy.

Mr. Wutschel is advantageously known by his activity during the revolution of 1848 in Austria. These two men offer in their past life surety enough for the determination of their intention, as well as for the ability of their productions. MIGGUEL & CO., Publishers.

The undersigned undertake, from the 1st of January, 1852, the editing of the *Demokratischer Voelkerbund.* We consider it our duty from the outset to explain to the public, in an open and candid manner, what it has to expect from this paper. As this paper is intended to be pre-eminently a political one, it is necessary in the first place to define our position in the field of politics. We are Europeans—we came as fugitives to America, because the whole of the united princes suppressed the exertions for

freedom of the isolated struggling people. But do not give up Europe as lost. We are fully convinced that the people of Europe will have a democratic future; we do not believe the "either—or" of the captive of Corsica on the Island of St. Helena. Europe cannot become Cossack; it must become republican. Europe will ever be our native country. Europe—its political and social condition—will henceforth be the subject of our attention, the aim of our wishes and endeavors. We live for Europe, we work for her freedom.

But we live in America, if only temporarily, as we are convinced. We therefore cannot help taking notice of the condition of our provisional home. We are not only here to look across the sea, but also, *since the unlimited critical nature of reason demands it*, to look round about us, while the free institutions of America offer so much for imitation, *so much to be avoided*, for the future formation of Europe. Europe should not copy America, because history does not copy itself.

The condition, therefore, of America will, with equal right, form the second part of this paper; and here let us also define our position.

The word "democratic," *in the American acceptation*, does not define with sufficient precision our stand in American affairs; for *here it has lost its natural meaning*, and, instead, acquired a historical one, which depends upon no principle, but from the laws of convenience.

The following are the pending questions of the present policy, in reference to which we will give our course and platform:—

1. The Slavery question. *With regard to it, we consider the Compromise no settled solution, but a provisional law, for the abrogation of which, at least so far as the extradition of slaves is concerned, we will employ all the means which a public organ can command.*

2. Land Reform. We defend the principle of land reform, and contend against monopoly of the soil.

3. The policy of the Union with respect to Central America. With reference to this point, we stand on the ground Monroe took, that every interference of European powers in the affairs of the American continent will unhesitatingly be rejected.

4. The Tariff question; and 5, that of Internal Improvements, (canals, rivers and harbors.) As we do not raise these questions to the stand of our principles, but rather consider them questions of convenience, we give free discussion of the same in our paper.

At all the elections we will, therefore, take particular notice of the three enumerated principles.

A. GYURMAN,
F. WUTSCHEL.

New York, Dec. 22, 1851.

Mr. Adolph Gyurman, late editor of the official paper, *Koezloenz*—

Upon your inquiry in which way you could serve the cause of your fatherland, and that of liberty, in your present position as an exile, I reply, that you could essentially serve the cause, to which you have devoted

yourself for many years with so much talent, perseverance and patriotism, if, particularly now, when the struggle between freedom and despotism has been renewed, you would again tread the path of journalism, on which you gained for yourself so honorable a position. Firmly convinced that your industry will be congratulated and accompanied by the merited sympathy of all lovers of freedom. L. KOSSUTH.

No sooner had these documents been given to the public, than such venomous pro-slavery journals as Bennett's *Herald* and the New York *Express* raised a hue and-cry against the nobly free and consistent GYURMAN, intimating that KOSSUTH was thus "undisguisedly sanctioning the re-opening and continuing the agitation of a question in this country, which may lead ultimately to the destruction and disruption of this fair fabric, before many years have elapsed"!! Alarmed by this clamor, and determined to exonerate himself from all suspicion of having any sympathy for the hunted fugitives from American slavery, KOSSUTH promptly caused the following humiliating and disgraceful disclaimer to be given to the public :—

KOSSUTH AND THE "DEMOKRATISCHER VOELKERBUND."

Communication from the Secretary of Kossuth.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1852.

To the New York Press :—A disingenuous attempt has been made by certain New York papers to connect Gov. Kossuth with the *Demokratischer Voelkerbund*, and render him responsible for a paragraph in the programme of that paper, relative to American domestic policy. This has been done, notwithstanding his repeated declarations that he would never, directly nor indirectly, interfere in any domestic question of any foreign country.

The fact that Mr. Gyurman was formerly sub-editor of Kossuth's journal, and subsequently an editor of an organ of his government, is assumed, without a tittle of evidence, in the face of this unequivocal declaration, as a proof of the connection of Gov. Kossuth with the *Demokratischer Voelkerbund*, and as warranting the assertion, that the openly avowed purpose of Messrs. Gyurman & Wutschet is undisguisedly sanctioned and concurred in by Kossuth, &c.

You are authorized to state that Gov. Kossuth has no connection whatever, with that paper.

The facts are, briefly, that Mr. Gyurman applied for advice, how best to occupy his time, and serve the cause of his country. To this Gov. Kossuth replied, as may be seen by his letter, to this effect :—"You are a distinguished journalist—follow your profession, and you will thereby obtain opportunity of serving your country."

This counsel is Governor Kossuth's present connection with Mr. Gyurman—no other.

As Governor Kossuth has no connection, direct nor indirect, with the paper in question, and no control over Mr. Gyurman, Governor Kossuth cannot, on account of his advice to that gentleman to serve his country, be, without gross injustice, made responsible for Mr. Gyurman's occupying himself with *a question of domestic American policy*, INJURIOUS TO THE INTEREST OF HIS OWN COUNTRY, *and in diametric opposition to Governor Kossuth's decidedly expressed opinion as to the duty and policy of* NON-INTERFERENCE *in such questions.* (*!!!*)

LETTER FROM RICHARD D. WEBB.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, Nov. 17, 1851.

To Richard Andrews, Esq., Mayor of Southampton.

SIR—I beg to enclose a post-office order for one pound, as my contribution to the collection which is intended to be placed at the disposal of M. Kossuth for the Hungarian cause.

From the accounts I have seen in the papers of your own career, your independence of spirit and regard to principle, I am induced to hope for your favorable notice of the following remarks.

M. Kossuth's public course, since his arrival in England, and the ability he has displayed, have created towards him an amount of enthusiasm and respect, which perhaps no man, and certainly no foreigner, ever secured in the same space of time. These sentiments have been perfectly spontaneous; they are not attributable to government influence, court favor, the countenance of the aristocracy, or to any thing but admiration for the man, and interest in his cause. The feeling is national and hearty, equally honorable to England and to Kossuth.

It is of the utmost importance that this confidence should be maintained during his stay in the United States, and this can only be effected by his strict adherence to consistency while in that country.

In no respect has M. Kossuth's ability been more wonderfully evinced than in his quickness of apprehension, his readiness of perception of the complicated machinery of English society, his appreciation of the importance of our municipal institutions, his apt quotations from our poets, and the amazing facility with which he comprehends the state of national and even of local public opinion amongst us.

This being the case, when he visits the United States, nobody will believe that he can remain ignorant, that the great republic contains a nation of bondmen nearly as numerous as the Magyars, and that their condition as to civil rights is as much below that of the Neapolitans, as the Neapolitans are below the people of England. I allude to the three and a half millions of slaves, whilst the half million of free colored people are not much better circumstanced, being despised and oppressed to a degree horrible in a professedly free and Christian nation. The history of the world presents no other instance of a system of such op-

pression, so maintained by the laws, public opinion, and physical force of such a nation. One half of the people of the Union, the inhabitants of the slave States, are kept in continual hot water by the dread of servile insurrections. Those of the free States are corrupted by their false position as assistant jailors of the South. For the sake of union with the slaveholder, they are obliged to assist him in retaining posssession of his human chattels.

This state of thing, cannot be maintained without continual resistance on the part of the slaves, and of the true lovers of justice in the United States. It is upheld by the slaveholders and their abettors in power, by passing and upholding laws altogether alien to the genius, or even to the existence of liberty. For example, the recent Fugitive Slave Law makes the whole Union, including all its free states and free territories, one vast hunting ground, on which any fugitive may be pursued and recaptured, and every free citizen, no matter how he abhors slavery, is liable to be summoned, under penalty of a fine of one thousand dollars and imprisonment for six months, to assist in the capture. Kossuth, himself, might be called upon in this way, immediately on landing; for fugitive slaves are in no part of the Union more likely to be pursued than in New York, and nowhere is the pro-slavery spirit more dominant than among the merchants and leading men of that great city. Cass, Webster, Clay and Fillmore hold their places as nominees of the slaveocracy of the United States, about 130,000 in number, and who by their union, activity, and influence, control the destiny and shape the policy of the republic.

A great portion of the people of the free States will welcome Kossuth as he has been welcomed here, heartily, spontaneously, disinterestedly; but her statesmen and her rulers will only try, as the American phrase is, 'to make capital out of him,' and to hide, under a pretence of zeal for a great foreigner and his cause, their own hostility to impartial liberty at home.

It is of the utmost consequence to M. Kossuth's true fame and European influence, that he should be aware of this state of things; that for the sake of a hollow support from the main pillars of American slavery, he should not withhold his indignant protest against the oppression practised in the United States, infinitely exceeding the injustice, cruelty and insolence of all the crowned heads of Europe.

Let M. Kossuth accept the welcome and the hospitality of the United States; let him express his gratitude for the kindness he receives, and his hope for future assistance to the cause of liberty in Europe; but let him not ignore American slavery. Let him, on the contrary, resolutely protest against it, and evince that his consistency and his moral courage are equal to his talents and his illustrious reputation. True, he may thus lose some of his fair-weather friends, and the good will of those who would cover their own shame by the help of his great name; but he will exalt himself to a height of moral sublimity and heroism rarely equalled among men. Let him raise his powerful voice in behalf of three millions of slaves in a land of freedom. Let him do so for the sake of the oppressor as well as the oppressed.

In his career in Hungary, his captivity, his return, his arrival in England, and his course while there, he has had no warmer sympathizer, no more delighted admirer than myself. I visited England merely to see him and listen to his voice, and I shall exceedingly rejoice if he withstand any temptation to join in with the oppressors of the most pelted and down-trodden race on earth, for the sake of any conceivable help these tyrants can or may hold out to the trampled nations of Europe. Let him not do evil that good may come.

I am confident that these considerations cannot fail to strike you, and I therefore rely upon your bringing them before M. Kossuth, with that earnestness which their importance to his reputation for consistency, fearlessness, and fidelity to liberty, demands.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

KOSSUTH'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

Resolution of a Meeting of the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society, Scotland, held Nov. 6, 1851 :—

Whereas, the presence in this country of Louis Kossuth, the friend of European liberty, and the prospect of his early departure to America, have suggested the conviction that he might prove an important instrument for the advancement of the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed of that land ; —

Resolved—That an address be prepared, laying before him the condition of the 3,000,000 of slaves in the Southern States of America, and appealing to him, as the friend of *universal liberty*, to exert his influence in their behalf.

ELIZA WIGHAM, *Secretary.*

TO THE HONORABLE LOUIS KOSSUTH, LATE GOVERNOR OF HUNGARY :

We are members of a Society, whose object it is to embrace every opportunity to aid the abolition of slavery throughout the world ; and conceiving the present to be such an opportunity, we venture to address you, deeming apology unnecessary, in appealing on behalf of liberty to the acknowledged champion of that great cause.

We rejoice that you have been, though for so short a period, an honored sojourner on these our shores ; but, before you leave them, to claim the warm welcome which awaits you on the other side of the Atlantic, we feel it incumbent on us to remind you, that, in the United States of America, where a free home is tendered to you, there exist upwards of 3,000,000 of human beings in a state of abject slavery, held as property, liable to be bought and sold, and to have their family ties riven asunder at the will of a taskmaster ; while all moral and intellectual culture is strictly withheld, under laws which enforce stringent penalties, and in

some cases even DEATH for teaching slaves to read. Yet, though thus degraded to the condition of chattels, the love of liberty is strong in the breast of these much-injured beings, and their struggles to attain it, through trial, danger, and suffering, are equal to any of which we read; but when, through these struggles, they deem that they have secured this blessing—when they place their feet on what are called the *free States* of the American Union, instead of receiving the enthusiastic welcome which justly greets the hero of European liberty, they are met by a law which forbids, by fines and imprisonment, any one to shelter or aid them, and enjoins on all to return them at once to their hopeless and cruel bondage, in direct contravention of the law of Jehovah, which commands—"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him.' (Deut. xxiii. 15, 16.) This is a point which must, we feel assured, powerfully appeal to the heart of one who is himself a fugitive from wrong and despotism, and who can sympathise with the crushed hopes and sickening of soul which must be the lot of these victims of tyranny and oppression.

We would, then, humbly entreat you to take advantage of the favorable position in which you will be placed to plead their cause. You, as the champion of liberty, will be hailed with enthusiasm by thousands who claim to be her most devoted votaries, and among them will be those who (with such professions on their lips) yet stand in the position of oppressors of their brethren. Oh, then, we beseech you to make use of your opportunity to represent to those the degradation and anomaly of their position, and to plead with them at once to forsake it by "doing justly, and letting the oppressed go free." We conceive that your voice would be endowed with mighty power, and your noble example in having released the bondsmen of your own land would be more powerful still!

It may be deemed needful of apology, that those of our sex should come before one so prominent in station; but when it is considered that wherever oppression rules, the *female* portion of the afflicted race suffer in a *three-fold* degree, and that more than a million and a half of our sisters endure unexampled cruelty and degradation in the Southern States of America, it will surely be forgiven us that we attempt to plead their cause.

In conclusion, allow us once more to entreat, that by your continued and constant advocacy of the rights of man, you may assail oppression in every form; and may the Most High bless and sustain you, and permit you to see your reward in the peaceful and joyful enfranchisement, not only of your own, but of all the nations of the earth.

We are, most respectfully,

The Committee of the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society,

SARAH J. WIGHAM, President.

Edinburgh, Nov. 18, 1851.

TO THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Believing it to be a just and wise principle of action, on the part of anti-slavery men, to hold men to their own avowed principles, especially those men who come before the world prominently as the advocates of human rights, I deemed it my duty to address the following letter to M. Kossuth on his arrival in England, and I now publish it, as he has sailed for the United States of America, that you, my friends, may have your attention drawn to his course of conduct while in that land. He did not reply to my letter.

This eminent man is not entitled to be 'let alone.' The world—the friends of the slave everywhere—the opposers of tyranny in every land—those who would honestly exclaim against oppression under every shape and form—are all bound to watch his motions and scrutinize his conduct. The courage and the integrity of M. Kossuth will soon be deeply tested; he has voluntarily offered himself to the trial; and if he comes off unspotted, he will be as pure gold well tried in the fire. If he shall fall beneath the pro-slavery sentiment of America, he will inflict a wound upon LIBERTY by weakening men's faith, and causing many to despair of the ultimate triumph of truth and justice in the world.

Indications of the quality of M. Kossuth's reception in America by the enemies of freedom are already abroad. That he will have the faithfulness and the moral courage to brave their hostility I doubt, seeing that he is rushing voluntarily into the lion's mouth; but as I have been told that he liberated five hundred thousand serfs in his own country, I hope and pray that he may be found faithful to the colored man in America; and in the words of Gerrit Smith—an American, and a man dear to abolitionists the world over—I conclude:—

'My reference to Hungarian heroes reminds me of the glorious reception which this deeply hypocritical nation, standing with its feet upon the throats of oppressed millions, is preparing to give to Kossuth. It flatters itself that he will not prove himself to be the enemy of American as well as of Austrian oppression; and that his sympathies, instead of being commensurate with the whole human family, will be found to be governed by country and caste. Thrice happy will it be—though to the unutterable dismay and chagrin of this guilty nation—if Kossuth shall, on American soil, confess himself to be the brother of all men—if Kossuth shall, on American soil, give proof that he is a man, instead of a mere Hungarian!'

Fellow-laborers and friends, I remain faithfully yours,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

Dublin, Nov. 21, 1851.

'TO M. KOSSUTH, IN LONDON.

SIR—You are now in a land where a man may at least give utterance to the thoughts of his mind, in which the heart may vent itself in articulate

breathings in favor of freedom. Go not, I pray you, to America—set not the sole of your foot on that soil which is trodden by three millions of slaves, and on whose behalf you, even you, dare not utter one sympathetic word. In the so-called 'free states' of America, your deeds in favor of humanity, if they still warm your heart, and give birth in your soul to the language of freedom, will earn for you nothing but contempt and derision from the party who will surround you. In the 'slave states,' the halter awaits the man who whispers the accents of liberty within their borders.

In the former, you may escape the insults of mean men ; in the latter, you may not be subjected to the death I have indicated ; but it will be on one condition only. You must be no longer Louis Kossuth—you must sink yourself to a level—and, oh ! God, what a miserable condition of humanity that level is—with men-stealers. Your once noble nature, which made you the admiration of the true-hearted among all nations, will no longer shed its halo around your name. Now you are the champion of liberty, one of those men whose names are pronounced with affection, because they are synonymous with human progress in the road of advancement and of civilization. In that land of whips and chains, your name and your fame will be tarnished, because your tongue must be mute on the great topic of universal liberty.

Taking into consideration the advantages possessed by the Americans, and the high professions they make of liberty and equality before the world, there is not, and there never was, a nation so dishonored ; and so deep and damning is their moral delinquency on the question of human rights, that few Europeans who visit them escape pollution of soul. Few Europeans in the United States of America have the manliness to stand forward on behalf of the God-given rights of the colored race. All, nearly all of them, are cowards in the maintenance of truth and justice ; they shrink before the base public opinion of that guilty nation.

Sir, I beg of you not to go to the United States of America, and I respectfully ask you to tell the world that you keep at a distance from that land, because that *there* your brothers and your sisters are ranked with creeping things, and the beasts of the fields, and made merchandise of by their fellows.

If you act in this noble manner, your name will continue great before the nations ; mothers will teach children to lisp it with delight. It will be a name long held in reverence by mankind.

Go to America, and listen to the blandishments of women-whippers and cradle-plunderers—of a race of Haynaus, who spare not the lash upon woman's flesh—and the brightness of your name is sullied forever. Tyrants will rejoice, and the friends of freedom will weep, because of your renunciation of those high and noble principles of liberty with which your name and your acts are now associated in the minds of men.

If you be the great souled man that I hope and believe you are, and of which no doubt should rest on my mind, were it not for your intention to accept the hospitality of that people, whose contact, it seems to me, you ought to spurn with feelings of abhorrence similar to those which must animate you against Austrian and Russian tyranny, it would be an insult

to you for me to offer an apology for thus addressing you; therefore, I make none. I address you with the freedom which one free man may use to another, upon a question involving great human rights, and I trust you will feel that I have done so respectfully.

I am, Sir, with sincere admiration of your character, respectfully yours, JAMES HAUGHTON.

35, Eccles-street, Dublin, 4th Nov. 1851.

P. S.—I send this through my friend Mr. Charles Gilpin, who can inform you who I am, if you incline to inquire into my character.

J. H.'

From the "British Friend.'

LOUIS KOSSUTH, PEACE, AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

Few of our readers, we apprehend, but have heard of the name, and fewer still but have sympathized in the sufferings of this distinguished Hungarian, in his desire for the liberty of his fellow-countrymen. For the last few weeks, indeed, his has been the most prominent name before the public; and attentions, such as rarely fall to the lot of public men, have, it may truly be said, been even showered upon him. In the midst of so much admiration and excitement, we were fearful lest some of our public spirited Peace friends should, as with the torrent, be led away from the consistent ground of its advocacy. This feeling appears to have impressed the Committee of the London Society, and gave occasion for the truly excellent Address to the friends of the cause throughout the country. It will be found in another place; and we commend it to the careful perusal of our readers. It will well repay the trouble.

The subject of American Slavery has also, we observe, through the newspapers and other channels of information, been brought under the notice of Kossuth. We rejoice that this has been the case. May he bear a faithful testimony in behalf of the slave in America, and not copy the inglorious course of Theobald Mathew, who turned his back on his anti-slavery principles! We had the privilege of perusing several of the addresses sent to Kossuth on this subject, and have been much pleased with him. The following was sent from this city, and was presented through our kind friend, CHARLES GILPIN:

To Louis Kossuth, late Governor of Hungary.

The undersigned beg respectfully to address you, on behalf of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, and the Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society, which have for their object the abolition of slavery throughout the world.

In the Address which was lately presented to you by our fellow-citizens, congratulating you upon your happy liberation from your recent imprisonment, and sympathizing with you in your desires for the deliverance of your oppressed countrymen, some of us not only interested ourselves, but, as lovers of liberty, gave it our cordial concurrence.

Our object, however, in wishing to engage your attention at the present time, has reference more especially to your intended visit to the United States of America.

We yield to none in our admiration of the free institutions of that great and growing country. But, as the friends of universal emancipation, we deem it right to acquaint you that, in that enlightened community, whose Constitution declares that 'all men are born free and equal,' there are held in ignominious and degrading chattel slavery nearly three and a half millions of our fellow-men—deprived of all right to their own persons, or those of their own wives and children—for no other reason than that of possessing 'a skin not colored like our own ;' and to retain whom in hopeless bondage, the whole of the constituted authorities of the American people are notoriously and unmistakeably pledged—of which the enactment by their Congress last year of the 'Fugitive Slave Bill,' is a recent and most lamentable manifestation.

While, therefore, we admire the noble generosity of the United States Government, in providing a refuge in that land for you and your exiled countrymen, we entreat you, as the liberator of the serfs in your own country, that whilst you may be gratefully acknowledging the benevolent conduct of the American nation, you will not fail, at the same time, to lift up your voice in behalf of the enslaved millions in their midst; and that, viewing these our degraded and oppressed sable brethren as being, equally with yourself and us of the white race, the creation of the same God, and objects of the same redemption through Jesus Christ, you will use your influence, in every proper and prudent way, for hastening the day of their entire emancipation.

Allow us, in conclusion, to assure you that we shall continue to cherish the warmest desires for your welfare ; and to pray that it may please the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, not only to grant you His merciful preservation, but that your humane and patriotic aspirations for the liberty and prosperity of your beloved Hungary may be speedily, and peacefully, and happily fulfilled.

Signed in name and on behalf of the aforesaid societies, at Glasgow, this eleventh day of November, one thousand eight hundred and fitfy-one.

ANDREW PATON, } *Secretaries to the Glasgow*
WILLIAM SMEAL, } *Emancipation Society.*
MARY WELSH, } *Secretaries to the Glasgow*
ELIZA ANDERSON, } *Female A. S. Society.*

By the following paragraph, which is copied from the last number of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, it appears that Kossuth was supplied with all needful intelligence in England on the subject of American slavery. He appears to have made no reply in any instance to the numerous anti-slavery addresses that were sent to him.

In directing the attention of our readers to the Resolution of the Edinburgh Emancipation Society, which will be found in another part of the *Reporter*, we may mention that a deputation of the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was favored with a personal interview with M. Kossuth, when he was presented with abundant materials whereupon to found his judgment of the character of American slavery, as well as of slavery and the slave-trade throughout the world.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Delivered at the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, in Boston, Dec. 27th, 1852.

It is to such a nation as this that Kossuth comes—a nation sensitive to a fault, servile to the last degree; catching, with a watchful interest, the first breath of foreign criticism; hugging to its bosom with delight any eulogy that falls from the lips of noted men on the other side of the water. Is there any thing peculiar and to be remarked in the state of public affairs at the time of his visit? Yes, he comes precisely at the moment when one absorbing question has banished all others from the nation's mind. The great classes and interests of society crash and jostle against each other like mighty vessels in a storm. The slave question having, like Aaron's rod, devoured all other political issues, claims and keeps the undivided attention of excited millions. The lips of every public man are anxiously watched, and his slightest word scanned with relentless scrutiny. Pulpit and forum are both busy in the discussion of the profoundest questions as to the relations of the citizen to the law, and the real value and strength of our Institutions. For the first time, some men have begun to doubt whether they are compatible with free speech and Christianity: while men, called statesmen, either emboldened by success, or hardened by desperate ambition, have been found ready openly to declare that the Union is possible only on condition that the sons of the Pilgrims consent to hunt slaves, and smother those instincts which have made the poets of all ages love to linger around the dungeon of the patriot and the martyr — with Tell and Wallace, with Lafayette and Silvio Pellico—with Charles Stuart hunted by the soldiery of Cromwell, and the Covenanter shot by that same Charles Stuart at his cottage door. Kossuth lands on a shore where humanity is illegal, and obedience to the Golden Rule of Christianity has just been declared treason. He was not ignorant of this state of things. Private individuals and public societies in England had placed in his hands ample evidence of the real character

of American institutions, and the critical state of public opinion on the momentous question of enslaving every sixth man, woman and child in the land. Some besought him to pause ere he set foot on a land cursed with such a monstrous system of oppression, and all bade him beware of the temptation to which his position subjected him, of strengthening by his silence or approbation the hands of the oppressor. At such a time, and in the midst of such a people, we have a right to claim that he should walk carefully. He knew that he must throw the weight of his mighty name in the scale of one party or the other, that was waging war for principle on this side the Atlantic. What has he done? No man expected that he should go into anti-slavery meetings; that he should take ground against the Fugitive Slave Bill. No. But you remember, when Alexander went to see Diogenes, and asked what he could do for him, the reply of the cynic was, "Stand out of my light!" Now, the slave had at least the right to say to Kossuth, "Stand out of my light! Let the glowing sun of the humanity of the nineteenth century strike full upon me. Let the light and heat of those generous ideas, with which God has inspired some of the white race, fall upon me, to melt these chains of mine; and let not your lavish praise be the spell that shall lull to sleep the half-awakened conscience of a people who have just begun to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten. Throw not the weight of your great name into the scale of those my enemies, who glory in a national prosperity fed out of my veins, and worship a Union cemented with my blood."

Take his speeches. Do they differ from those of the most pro-slavery American? Does he qualify his eulogy, does he limit his praise? Has he a word of sympathy for the oppressed, a hint, even, at any blot on our national escutcheon? Could he have spoken without taking a side, unless he had used the most guarded and qualified language? Take his speeches relating to the Constitution of the United States. Place them side by side with the speeches of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, with those of any of the men recognised as supporters of this Union, for its very quality of being an added ligament to hold the slave to his master. Is not the tone the same? Is not the eulogy of our Constitution as unqualified and as glowing? Do you ever find the slightest allusion to the fact, that one-sixth part of the inhabitants under it are denied those personal rights which make the sufferings of the Magyar peasant tame in comparison? Throughout this flood of sublime eloquence which he has poured forth with such lavish genius to applauding crowds, when has he been heard to speak a word for three millions of people in this land, outraged and trampled under foot; to intimate that he sympathised with them; to hint that he knew of their existence? Our country is "great, glorious and free; the land of protection for the persecuted sons of freedom among the great brotherhood of nations." This is his language:—

"May your kind anticipations of me be not disappointed! I am a plain man. I have nothing in me but honest fidelity to those principles which have made you great, and my most ardent wish is, that my own country may be, if not as great as yours, *at least as free and as happy*, which it

will be in the establishment of the same great principles. The sounds that I now hear seem to me the trumpet of resurrection for down-trodden humanity throughout the world."

What! free as the land where the Bible is refused to every sixth person! Free as the land where it is a crime to learn every sixth person to read! Free as the land where, by statute, every sixth woman may be whipped at the public whipping-post! Free as the land where the murder of the black man, if the deed is perpetrated only in the presence of blacks, is secure from legal punishment! Free as the land, the banks of whose Mississippi were lit up with the horrid sight, not seen in Europe for two centuries, of a man torn from the hands of justice, and burned in his own blood, by a mob, of whom the highest legal authority proclaimed, afterward, that their act was the act of the people, and above the notice of the Judiciary! Free as the land, the beautiful surface of whose Ohio was polluted by the fragments of three presses—the emblems of free speech—and no tribunal has taken notice of the deeds! Free as the land, whose prairie has drunk in the first Saxon blood shed for the right of free speech for a century and a half—I mean the blood of Lovejoy! Free as the land where the fugitive dares not proclaim his name in the cities of New England, and skulks in hiding-places until he can conceal himself on board a vessel, and make his way to the kind shelter of Liverpool and London! Free as the land where a hero worthy to stand by the side of Louis Kossuth—I mean Ellen Crafts—(great cheering)—has pistols lying at her bed-side for weeks, as protection against your marshals and your sheriffs, your chief justices and divines, and finds no safe refuge until she finds it in the tender mercies of the wife of that poet [Byron] who did his service to the cause of freedom at Missolonghi! (1)

But what does Kossuth wish for Hungary? "My most ardent wish is,

(1) This allusion will be better understood by reading the following statement, copied from the London *Morning Advertiser*:—"Those who have access to the anti-slavery papers of America have long been familiar with the eventful history of William and Ellen Craft, from the time of their romantic escape from Macon, in Georgia, (Ellen, whose complexion is white, disguised as a young Southern planter, her husband personating his slave,) and of their subsequent residence, and enjoyment of the blessings of freedom, in a peaceful home at Boston, until they were driven by the Fugitive Slave Law to seek an asylum in England, (the President of the United States having declared by a public document, that he would employ the military force of the country for their recapture.) It is now their good fortune, with the assistance of friends, to be received as pupils in the Ockham Schools, near Ripley, Surrey. These schools, which are partly industrial, were esbtalished by Lady Byron for giving useful education to children residing in the rural districts. All the advantages the schools possess are afforded to the Crafts, in a mode which is in every respect considerate of their feelings. In addition to other branches of Knowledge, Mr. Craft is cultivating his taste for drawing under an able master; he renders himself useful by giving the boys instruction in carpentering and cabinet-making, while Mrs. Craft exerts herself in communicating some of her varied manual acquirements to the girls. The children are greatly attached to her, and both she and her husband are happy, industrious, and making progress in their pursuits. The Ockham schools are kindly and carefully superintended by the Misses Lushington, daughters of Dr. Lushington, of Ockham Park, which adjoins Every facility has been given by Lady Byron, by the Misses Lushington, and by the master and mistress, for admitting and accommodating William and Ellen Craft in the establishment, and for rendering their abode there as advantageous and comfortable to them as possible."

that my own country may be, if not as great as yours, at least as free and as happy, which it will be in the establishment of the same great principles." "As free and as happy"! Is that all that this loving son of Hungary can ask for his native land? Would he thrust back to serfdom one sixth part of her twelve millions? Would he not blush to stand so near even to Austria, who compels her peasantry to learn to read, and make the teaching of every sixth Hungarian a penal offence? Would he legislate into existence a nation of Haynaus, and authorise them to whip Magyar women? Would he fill Hungarian prisons with Draytons and Sayers, the Torreys and Fairbanks?—Hungarian graves with Crandalls and Lovejoys? Would he hang his courts in chains, that his brother nobles might drag back their serfs in peace? Before he repeats such a wish, let him go and meditate one hour more in that dungeon whence one of his comrades went to his grave, and the other came out blind—let him send his thoughts back again to that refuge which the Sultan gave him when he refused, at the hazard of his Crescent, to surrender to his neighbor State the Hungarian Craft, Sims, Long, etc., who had escaped and claimed his protection. He would, if he be the man the world believes him, learn there that he never could consent to make Hungary what these United States are, and that he begs aid for his loved countrymen too dear, if he begs it by words not truthful from the lips of Louis Kossuth.

"Happy art thou, free nation of America, that thou hast founded thy house upon the only solid basis of a nation's liberty! Thou hast no tyrants among thee, to throw the apple of Eros in thy Union! Thou hast no tyrants to raise the fury of hatred in thy national family!" This he says, when he knows that the newspapers of one half the Union are full of the records of the atrocities perpetrated by the white men upon the blacks, guilty of nothing but a skin not colored like their own. I defy Kossuth to find in any German paper, at the very fount of Austrian despotism, such advertisements as daily fill our Southern presses. I defy him to match the crimes and wickedness of the press that leagues with despotism in this land. Mothers sold with their infants, six weeks old, *together or apart.* I defy him to match the advertisements coming from Southern States, calling for a man or his head:—Fifty dollars reward for a man, dead or alive!

A land with three millions of slaves, and not a tyrant! Free speech achieved on the floor of Congress only after a dozen years of struggle, and still a penal offence in one half the Union—our jails filled with men guilty only of helping a brother man to his liberty—yet the keen eyes of this great soul can see nothing but "a solid basis of liberty"! Southern Conventions to dissolve the Union—the law executed in Boston at the point of the bayonet—riot, as the Government calls it, stalking through the streets of Detroit, Buffalo, Syracuse, Boston, Christiana and New York—Massachusetts denied by statute the right to bring an action in South Carolina—Georgia setting a price on the head of a Boston printer—Senators threatening to hang a brother Senator, should he set foot in a Southern State—the very tenants of the pulpit silenced, or subjected

to a coat of tar and feathers—one State proposing to exclude the commerce of another—demagogue statesmen perambulating the country to save the Union—honest men exhorted to stifle their consciences, for fear the ship of state should sink amid the breakers—the whole nation at last waking to Jefferson's conviction, that we have "the wolf by the ears; we can neither hold him, nor safely let him go!" Yet this man, whose "tempest-tossed life has somewhat sharpened the eyes of his soul," can see only a "solid basis of liberty"! "no tyrant to throw the apple of Eros in the Union;" "to raise the fury of hatred in thy national family"! What place has such fulsome and baseless eulogy on the lips of a truthful and honest man?

Kossuth is filled with overflowing love for Hungary, which lies under the foot of the Czar. Now, let us suppose a parallel case. Suppose that Lafayette were now living, and that the great Frenchman had seen his idea of liberty for France go down in blood. We will suppose that, despairing of doing any thing at home, he had concluded to appeal to some foreign nation for aid; that Fayette, with his European reputation, considered the great apostle of human liberty, and his voice the seal and stamp of republican principle, Fayette goes to Vienna for help. He goes to Austria for help for his side in French politics, as Kossuth comes here for help on his side of Hungarian politics; to Austria, with Hungary bleeding at her feet, and Kossuth in exile.

After all, it is national politics in which he asks us to interfere, at whatever hazard. What is Hungary? Twelve millions of people under the iron foot of the Russian Czar, by means of his puppet, the Emperor of Austria. What says he to America? "I do not wish to be entangled with American politics." As one of our own citizens said to me the other day,—"What comes this fellow here for? I do not wish to meddle with Austrian politics." The question of the liberty of twelve millions in Hungary is as much a question of Austrian politics as the question of three million of slaves under the United States Constitution, and the human beings sent back as chattels under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1851, is a question of American politics.

Do not think, either, that I am so far out of the way in sending Fayette to Austria. Let me turn aside before I finish the illustration. What is Austria? Who is Haynau? The culminating star of Austrian atrocity—the General whose name recalls every thing that is most monstrous in Austria's treatment of down-trodden Hungary. Haynau! What was it that the European press charged upon him as his greatest atrocity? Why, he whipped one woman, a countess; he whipped one woman at the public whipping-post. The press of Europe, from the banks of the Volga to the banks of the Seine, from the 'Times' up to 'Punch,' denounced him as a libel on the civilization of the nineteenth century, as a brute who had disgraced even the brutality of the camp, when he dared, in the face of Europe, in the nineteenth century, thus to outrage the common feeling of the world. That is Haynau; but he followed the example of half the States of this Union. There, woman-whipping is the law and custom of the land. There are a hundred thousand men

and women in this nation, who have a right by law to whip a million and a half of women in fifteen of the Southern States. "One murder makes a villain; millions, a hero." To whip one woman makes a monster; but to whip millions by statute is to make a country, in regard to which it is the highest wish of Kossuth that Hungary may be like her!

In view of this and similar facts, I say, there is not a word of the language which he applies to Austria, that is not equally applicable to the land which imprisons Drayton and Sayres in the jails of the capital, that pursues Shadrach without mercy—a land where women are whipped by statute—and there is not a word of all this eloquent eulogy of ourselves which is not equally applicable to Austria.

I send Fayette, therefore, to Austria. Kossuth, sheltered by the Crescent, hears of the coming of Fayette to Vienna. How his heart beats! Now, from that voice, venerable with its age, strong in the millions that wait its tones, I shall hear the voice of a deliverer. Now the heart of every down-trodden Hungarian is to leap for joy; now a sunbeam shall light up the dungeons of my old comrades, for Fayette has entered Vienna. Listen! The first note that is borne to him down the waters of the Danube is that of Fayette speaking to Haynau of his "glorious entry into the capital of Hungary," as Kossuth speaks of the entrance of the Americans into the capital of Mexico. He listens, and every word of the eloquent Frenchman is praise of the Austrian emperor and Austrian institutions; and he says—words Kossuth had used to the Americans—"Cling to your Constitution and your institutions. Cling to them! Let no misguided citizen ever dream of tearing down the house, because there is discomfort in one of the chambers." And suppose he hears him say—"Let no misguided Magyar ever dream of tearing asunder this beautiful empire of Austria, because there is discomfort in that one chamber of Hungary." What would have been his tone in answering Fayette? He would have said—"Recreant! What right have you to purchase safety to France, by sacrificing the people of Hungary, and by eulogising tyrants?" (Tremendous cheering.)

Just such is the message that the American slaves send back to Kossuth:—"Recreant! if you could not speak a free word for liberty the wide world over, why came you to this land stained and polluted by our blood? What right had you to purchase with your silence aid for Hungary, or throw the weight of your great name into the scale of our despair?" "O, no!" said O'Connell, "I will never tread that American strand, until she removes the curse of American slavery from her statute book." It was well he did not. Hardly any man can stand against the temptation of our great political iniquity.

Kossuth has come here on the glorious mission of redeeming Hungary. God speed Him in every step—honest step—that he takes to lift up the Magyar, that he may raise the nations of Europe! But, O! if he only lift her up by using for his fulcrum the chains of the slave; if he only lift her up by using language which shall strengthen the hearts of the oppressor in this land, which shall make those who love this Union lay the flattering unction to their souls—Kossuth is an experienced man, he

understands our institutions, and sees nothing to blame in them—then perish Hungary before he succeed!

The very Congress that invited this man to our shores, and passed a resolution placing a national vessel at his service, is the very Congress that passed the Fugitive Slave Bill. He knows it. The very men who sent for the Hungarian exile, condemned to hopeless bondage hundreds, who, but for that law, might have been saved. Why, if you had stood, as some of us have done, by the domestic firesides of hundreds of fugitive slaves, who had been happy at the North for ten, fifteen, aye, twenty years, and had seen the utter wretchedness of those persecuted ones, when they felt that father, or mother, or wife, or child, must be borne away to the Southern plantation, or must make themselves exiles by going to Canada or even to England, and reflected that these scenes are wrought by the very men who have welcomed the great Hungarian to this country, and then, when he came, that he had no words but words of eulogy, how should you judge by his spirit?

Bear with me in yet one illustration more. Men are known by the company they keep. It seems to me right to judge Kossuth so in this instance. Suppose a friend of liberty had gone across the water six months ago. Would he have sought the society of the illustrious free spirits that were the apostles of the great ideas of that country, or would he have gone to the court of the Cæsar? Would he have gone to the palace of Vienna, or to Metternich? Would he have gone to the country seat of Haynau, or to any other name recognised the wide world over as an apostate to principle, to humanity, to equal rights? Or would he have gone to that Kossuth, that Dembinski—to the men who are now exiles, or imprisoned throughout the length of the Austrian empire—to the graves of those who have been murdered in battle, or in Haynau's camp? Would not their prisons have been the first scenes of his visit, that he might give his sympathy to the men who were suffering in a cause so dear to his heart? Certainly. We go where we are magnetically drawn; we cannot resist rushing into the arms of those whose hearts beat responsive to our own. If a Socialist visits Paris, he goes to Proudhomme. If an anti-slavery man goes to Paris, he goes to de Broglie. As Dr. Jackson said of his lamented son, who died recently in Boston, in whatever company he went, he nailed his flag high, that all men might know his principles. [Cheers.] Now, I say, that Louis Kossuth did not nail the flag of his principles high to the mast; if he had, Hangman Foote would never have invited him to Washington. The world-wide love of man, the burning enthusiasm, the hatred of oppression, that gathered two hundred thousand living hearts in Hungary, melted them into one giant mass by the magnetism of his great nature, and hurled them like an awful thunderbolt against the throne of the Cæsars—all that has not crossed the Atlantic; if it had, the pro-slavery divines of New York—the men who say they dare not utter even a prayer for the three millions of blacks—would never have gathered around it. He will go to Washington, and to whom? To Daniel Webster and Hangman Foote. Had he been the Kossuth of Pesth, the Kos-

suth whom Georgey betrayed, he would have gone to the prison of Drayton and Sayres, to see the men who have been made a sacrifice for the crime of loving their brother man as they loved themselves. He would have said, "No matter what your laws are. I broke the laws of Austria for the Magyar." The European who has rent parchments to rags when they stood in the way of liberty—who has trampled on laws a thousand years old when they stood in the way of humanity and justice—that man, who comes to America, and goes not to the prison of Drayton and Sayres, to the court house where the men are being tried for the Christiana riots, as our press calls them, has lowered the tone of his spirit, and compromised that great fame which came over before him.

That is the indictment the Abolitionists bring against him. It is not that he is a coward, and that his philanthropy shrinks before the public opinion of America. No! We do not know that he was ever afraid of any thing below God. Though no coward, he is selfish. Just as selfish as all patriotism is. He loves his own land, and to that land he is willing to sacrifice the duty he owes to truth. "An advocate," said Lord Brougham, defending Queen Caroline, "by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, THAT CLIENT, AND NONE OTHER. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other." Now, that, in another form, is Kossuth's patriotism. "I love Hungary," says he, "stand aside, all ye other races! I will so mould my language, I will so pour out my eulogy, I will so lavish my praise, that I will save her; let other races take care of themselves." This, then, is the criticism of the anti-slavery reformer. Whoever strengthens the American Union, strengthens the chain of the American slave. Whoever praises the policy of this country since the Constitution began, whether in Florida or Mexico, strengthens that opinion which supports it. Whoever strengthens that opinion, is a foe to the slave. Louis Kossuth has thrown at the feet of the Union party the weight of his gigantic name, and every conscience that had begun to be troubled is put to sleep: "Kossuth is free from American prejudices, unbiased and disinterested. He tells me to love the Union. So I will observe the laws; so I will banish the slave from my thoughts, as Kossuth does. Kossuth saves Hungary by subserviency to the South; I will save the Union in the same way." This is the same old principle, the world round. How much truth may I sacrifice, in order to save some little Zoar in which God has given me a being? How much silencing of the truth is permitted us here by God, in order that we may help him govern the world? How many noble instincts may we stifle, how many despots' hearts may we comfort, to help God save America? None! (Great cheering.) No, he did not send us into the world to free the slave. He did not send Kossuth into the world to save Hungary. He sent him into the world to speak his whole truth, for the white and the black man; to feel as a man for his

brother man, and to *speak what he felt;* then, if Hungary is saved, to join in the jubilee with which all would celebrate her salvation. (Loud cheers.) O, men are so ready to take upon themselves the great responsibility of doing some great work in the world. I have got to save the Union, and therefore I must return fugitive slaves. I have got to redeem Hungary, and therefore I may be an American doughface, instead of an European patriot.

This the verdict that history shall bring. When, hereafter, the historian is telling the story of some great man, who has done service to his kind, if he be one who loved only his own race, or color, or country, and stopped there—who loved a Frenchman, because he was himself born in Paris—or, born in London, was ready to serve all Englishmen—if he were one who has rendered some great service to a single nation, or loved his own race and hated all others, he will say, "This was a great man—he was the Kossuth, the Webster of the day." But when he shall dip his pen in the sunlight, to immortalize some greater spirit than that,—one whose philanthropy, like the ocean, knew no bounds; the eagle of whose spirit, towering in its pride of place, looked down upon the earth, and saw blotted out from the mighty scene, all the little lines with which man had narrowed it out, and took in every human being as a brother, and loved all races with an equal humanity; who never silenced the truth, that the white man might longer trample on the black, or thought the safety of his own land cheaply bought at the price of lavish eulogies laid on the footstool of petty tyrants—he shall dip his pen in the gorgeous hues of the sunlight, and write, "This was a greater man yet; he was a Garrison, an O'Connell, a Fayette." [Loud and continued cheers.]

Now this is the exact difference which the anti-slavery world recognizes in Kossuth. He is the man who has been content to borrow his tone from the atmosphere in which he moved. He has offered American patriotism the incense of his eulogy, and has, by that course, consented to do service to the dark spirit of American slavery. We find no fault with any expression of his gratitude. But gratitude to the administration of the country was not necessarily eulogy of all its institutions. A man may thank a benefactor, without endorsing his character! He came to a land where every sixth man is a slave, and where the national banner clings to the flag-staff heavy with blood, and the lips which proclaimed the freedom of the Hungarian serf have found no occasion but for eulogy! He came to a land where the Bible is prohibited by statute to three millions of human beings, to whom, also, the marriage institution is a forbidden blessing, and the eminently religious Hungarian can find no occasion but for eulogy! He came to a land where almost every village in the free States has more than one trembling fugitive who dare not tell his true name, and the great martyr for personal liberty can find no occasion but for eulogy! He came to a land, of the fundamental arrangement of whose government, John Quincy Adams says, "it is not in the compass of human imagination to devise a more perfect exemplification of the art of committing the lamb to the custody of the wolf,"

and to "call whose government a democracy would be to insult the understanding of mankind;" and the apostle of civil liberty sees only a "glorious republic"—"great, glorious and free"—"the pillar of freedom;" and all he prays for his own country is, that "she may be as free and as happy in the establishment of the same great principles"!

He comes to a land where, according to the same indisputable authority, "a knot of slaveholders give the law and prescribe the policy of the country," and the indignant foe of Austrian rule, "his eyes sharpened by a tempest-tossed life," finds no occasion but for eulogy! He comes to a land where, says the same venerable statesman, "the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery is the vital and animating spirit of the National Government," and where, since 1780, slavery, slaveholding, slave-breeding and slave-trading have formed the whole foundation of the policy of the Federal Government; and "the sharpened eyes" of the European patriot, whose baptism of liberty was the damps of an Austrian dungeon, sees only "a glorious country"—"great, glorious and free;" "a glorious republic;" her "glorious flag the proud ensign of man's divine origin;" the "asylum of oppressed humanity;" her welcome, "the trumpet of resurrection for down-trodden humanity throughout the world;" her language, "the language of liberty, and therefore the language of the people of the United States;" his confidence of ultimate success springs from the thought, that "there is a God in heaven, and a people like the Americans on earth." He makes haste to declare how easy it is to read the heart of this slaveholding, slave-breeding and slave-trading people, because "it is open like nature, and unpolluted like a virgin's heart;" that others may "shut their eyes to the cry of oppressed humanity, because they regard duties, but through the glass of petty interests," but this slaveholding and slave-trading people "has that instinct of justice and generosity, which is the stamp of mankind's heavenly origin; knows that it has the power to restore the law of nations to the principles of justice and right, and is willing to be as good as its power is great"!! Does the great statesmanlike heart of Kossuth believe all this? If he does not, is the most devoted lover of Liberty ever bound to lay on her altar the sacrifice of hypocrisy? or was any cause ever yet strengthened by lips that belied the heart? The world thought his lips had been touched by a coal from the altar of the living God—and, lo! he has bargained away his very utterance, and presents himself before us thus cheaply bought and gagged!

Men say, "Why criticise Kossuth, when you have every reason to believe that, in his heart, he sympathises with you?" Just for that reason we criticise him. Because he endorses the great American lie, that to save or benefit one class, a man may righteously sacrifice the rights of another. Because, while the American world knows him to be a hater of slavery, they see him silent on that question—hear him eulogise a nation of slaveholders, to carry his point. What greater wrong can he do the slave, than thus to strengthen his foes in their own good opinion of themselves, and weaken, by his example, that public rebuke to which the negro can alone trust for ultimate redemption? He

whom tyrants hated on the other side the ocean, is the favored guest of tyrants on this side. He eats salt with the Haynaus of Washington. It is high time that he explain to Europe the geographical morality that enables him to do it, and be still the Louis Kossuth whose wandering steps Russian vengeance thought it worth while to follow. Could he have filed his tongue as cunningly at home, why should he have ever left Pesth? Or shall we deem him a man hotly indignant at his own wrongs, and those of his own blood, but cold to those of one whose skin is some few shades darker than his own?

His parallel of the non-intervention of States is not a just one. No one asks England to interfere with our slave question; but on the other hand, she pronounces no opinion on our government in general; she does not expend herself in glowing, unqualified, and indiscriminate eulogy of our institutions, or strengthen the hands of their friends, by holding them up to the world as the first hope of redemption to oppressed nations, and the fairest model of republican perfection. The same is true of Kossuth. While at home, all the world asked of him was to stand in his lot, and do gallant battle for his land and people. When he comes here, and gives the listening world his judgment of our institutions—*mingling himself thus*, *whether he will or no*, with our great national struggle—he owes it to truth, to liberty and the slave, that such judgment should be a true, discriminating and honest one. If the opinion he has pronounced be his honest judgment, what will men say of that heart whose halting sympathies allowed him to overlook a system of oppression which Wesley called the "vilest the sun ever saw," and which made Jefferson "tremble for his country, when he remembered that God was just"? If it be not his honest judgment, but only fawning words, uttered to gain an end, what will men say of the Jesuit, who thought that he owed it to Hungary to serve her, or, indeed, imagined that he could serve her, by his lips that clung not to the truth? When Roman's ransom was weighing out, the insolent conqueror flung his sword into the scale against it. So at the moment when the fate of the slave hangs trembling in the balance, and all he has wherewith to weigh down the brute strength of his oppressor is the sympathy of good men and the indignant protest of the world, Kossuth, with the eyes of the nation fixed upon him, throws the weight of his great name, of his lavish and unqualified approbation, into the scale of the slaveholder, crying out all the while, "*Non-Intervention!*"

Truly, these eyes that see no race but the Magyar, and no wrongs but those of Hungary, may be the eyes of a great Hungarian and a patriot, but God forbid they should be the eyes of a man or a Christian!

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Every heart responds to the classic patriot, and feels that it is indeed good and honorable to die for one's country, but every true man feels likewise, with old Fletcher of Saltoun, that while he "would die to serve his country, he would not do a base act to save her."

OFFICIAL ANTI-SLAVERY ACTION.

The following Resolutions were adopted at the Annual Meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, held in FANEUIL HALL, Boston, on the evening of Jan. 30, 1852 :—

1. Resolved, That when we consider the critical state of parties and the public mind, in relation to slavery; the fearful struggle going on between the principles of liberty and those of a merciless despotism,—the friends of the one being a Spartan band, those of the other a Persian host; when we consider, also, the anxious expectation with which the coming of LOUIS KOSSUTH was watched—the momentous weight attached to his lightest word—his eloquent professions of devotion to the principles of impartial liberty, and to being governed by the higher law of humanity and universal freedom—and his position as the recognized leader of one half of the reformers of Europe—we are forced to regard his course, in relation to American slavery—his unqualified eulogies of our Constitution and its present administration—his indiscriminate praise of our leading statesmen—his endorsement, in such glowing terms, of the Mexican war—his purposed and pledged silence on the infamous system of human bondage—his uncalled for and ungenerous, if not cowardly, rebuke of a fellow-countryman, the editor of an American press, for his opposition to the monstrous provisions of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and his hardly disguised censure of the abolitionists—as falsehood to his high professions, treason to the cause of humanity and human rights, injurious to the nation he seeks to aid, fatal to his own fame—in worldly phrase, "worse than a crime, a folly," if he supposes such a course will gain him either sincere sympathy or effective aid; and an added blot on the dark brow of American Slavery, that she has succeeded in melting, in the lap of her temptations, another of the great historic names of the age, and left him "to grind in the mill" of her infamous service.

2. Resolved, That the craven and time-serving conduct of THEOBOLD MATHEW and LOUIS KOSSUTH, under the poisonous influence of the American atmosphere, makes us remember afresh, and honor anew, the magnanimous spirit and courageous consistency of that true friend of America, and of the human race, GEORGE THOMPSON,—a man whose sympathies, overleaping the boundaries of nationality, include within their embrace the oppressed of all climes and all complexions.

At the annual celebration of Forefathers' Day, at Plymouth, (Mass.) in December last, by the Plymouth County Anti-Slavery Society, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

1. Resolved, That slavery, as it exists in this country, is neither a party question nor a domestic institution; neither a matter of geograph-

ical interest, exclusively, nor purely an American affair; but it is a system of robbery, pollution, blood and atrocity, which language cannot describe, nor the imagination grasp,—in comparison with which, the concentrated despotisms of Europe are as the dust in the balance,—and to denounce which is the right and duty of every man, whether native or foreigner, who is conscious of its existence.

2. Resolved, That the inconsistency and hypocrisy of this nation, which had no parallel among the ancient Jews, are again signally displayed in the pomp and circumstance attending the reception of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian fugitive from Austrian oppression; in its pretended sympathy for the cause of civil liberty abroad, as represented in his person; in its affected abhorrence of the tyrannous alliance between Austria and Russia; and in the contribution of money and arms to enable the Hungarians to recover their lost rights, let the effusion of blood be what it may.

3. Resolved, That as our colossal slave system is the evidence of our national contempt for the rights of man, so it serves as a sure test by which to reveal the true character of every distinguished foreigner who lands on our shores; and we lament to say, that the application of this test, thus far, has produced the most melancholy and astounding results, in either a "base bowing of the knee to the dark spirit of slavery," or a cowardly silence on the subject, in order to secure the favor of a slaveholding and slave-trading people.

4. Resolved, That, standing on Plymouth Rock, as the voice of a cause which is the natural growth of the principles which have rendered that Rock illustrious in the history of mankind; as the friends and advocates of impartial liberty, without regard to complexion, race, country, or clime; we record, with the deepest sorrow, the defection of one who owed to his own great fame,—to the principles on which he claimed for Hungary the sympathy and interposition of the world,—not only not to sacrifice the welfare of the colored race to the benefit of his own countrymen, but to have known and declared that the cause of civil liberty was one the world over; and that such a course must be fatal in the end to the highest interests of humanity.

5. Resolved, That the return of this hallowed anniversary brings to our glad and grateful remembrance the presence of our uncompromising and unfaltering trans-atlantic coadjutor, GEORGE THOMPSON, a year ago; that we tender to him the renewed expressions of our love, admiration and gratitude, for the glorious example of a world-wide consistency of principle in his advocacy of the cause of universal freedom; and that his example is rendered still more precious and illustrious by the lamentable defection of the great Hungarian exile, who is dumb in the presence of three millions of chattelized slaves, as a master stroke of worldly policy, but which act is one of revolting inconsistency and criminal exclusiveness.

At a meeting of the DUBLIN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, held in Eustace street, Dublin, the 7th of First Month, (January,) 1852, the following resolutions were offered, discussed, and unanimously adopted :—

1. That this meeting has read with grave disapprobation the report of an interview between a deputation of the *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* and *Louis Kossuth*, late Governor of Hungary, on his arrival in New York, in which, after presenting an official address of welcome and sympathy, the deputation intimated that "no reply was desired," on the ground that, as the nation's guest, he should be absolved from any expression of sympathy which might compromise his cause by implicating him with any of the parties in the United States.

2. That this meeting considers that in thus voluntarily releasing Louis Kossuth from the duty incumbent upon him, as upon every one, to express sympathy with the down-trodden millions of republican America, the deputation have, according to the extent of their influence, inflicted a serious injury on the anti-slavery cause, by establishing a dangerous precedent for every other visitor to the United States who may plead absorbing claims or pecular interests as a release from personal effort for the slave, or the expression of sympathy for his wrongs.

RICHARD D. WEBB, *Secretary.*

GEORGE ADDEY,
RICHARD ALLEN,
JOSEPH ALLEN,
HEWETSON EDMONDSON,
WILLIAM FISHER,
JOSEPH FISHER,
WILLIAM WEBB,
} *Members of Committee.*

From the (Ohio) A. S. Bugle.

GEORGE THOMPSON AND LOUIS KOSSUTH.

DEAR MARIUS :—Last spring, some half dozen of us, now in attendance on the Fair, heard George Thompson, in a speech before the American Anti-Slavery Society at Syracuse, utter the following words :

"A nation in chains, and talk of sympathy with the Hungarians, and of sending a ship to bring to the shores of this country Kossuth! Why, if Kossuth be a consistent man, instead of bandying compliments with Cass, he would send him words that would scorch his very soul, and say, 'Keep your compassion for 3,000,000 of your countrymen in chains! If you have sympathy to spare, pour it over 3,000,000 of chattel slaves in your midst! Though banished from my country, from the banks of the Danube to the banks of the Bosphorus, my limbs wear no chains!

No overseer drives me to labor in the morning ! No tyrant's frowns wither my manhood ! I am free under the Sultan of Turkey, and surrounded by his protection ! If you, Lewis Cass, or you, Millard Fillmore, or you, Daniel Webster, have a superfluity of sympathy, send it Southward, and let it console 3,000,000 of Americans in bonds ! Kossuth has enough for himself, and something to spare for them, and he makes a contribution to the slaves of America of the sympathy tendered to patriotic Hungarians ! ' [Loud applause.]

I shall doubt the patriotism and love of liberty of every man who comes from revolutionary Europe to these shores, to accept the hospitality of slaveholders. [Cheers.] If he be a patriot, a lover of liberty, whether he fly from the banks of the Danube, the Seine, or the Tiber, let him go to New England, and find a home with the persecuted and maligned abolitionists of the country ! Let him throw in his lot with them ; let him range himself under the banner of '*No Union with tyrants !*' But let him not quit the tyranny of a crowned despot in Europe, to lay his manhood before 20,000,000 of confederated Republican (?) despots in this country ! " [Applause.]

In all the speeches which I heard George Thompson make while I was East, (some twenty in number,) I never heard him say a single thing which produced so wonderful an effect as the first of these paragraphs. I never saw an audience so absolutely electrified. It was as if the very lightnings of heaven had been playing over our heads, and as each of us, after the cloud had swept by and the shock was past, had looked around in bewilderment and amaze. So deafening and long-continued were the shouts of applause, that it was many minutes before Mr. Thompson could proceed ; and there was not one man in that vast hall who did not sympathize with him, and feel that he was *right*, and that if Kossuth were one whit *other* than he, Kossuth would be wrong ! Alas, that Kossuth has *proved* himself other ! Alas, that the Hungarian has not filled out the glorious picture so nobly drawn for him ! Alas, that we have yet but one George Thompson !

Yours for a *consistent* Kossuth,

Salem, Ohio, Dec. 31. J. T.

From the London Morning Advertiser.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS REWARD.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Ran away from the subscriber, on the 18th August, 1849, a likely Magyar fellow, named Louis Kossuth. He is about 45 years old, 5 feet 6 inches high, dark complexion, marked eyebrows, and gray eyes. He pretends to be free, but says he was robbed of his freedom. He was confined in the barrack jail of Kutayah, but escaped on the first of September. It is strongly suspected he was harbored by the Captain of the Mississippi, as he was seen on board that ship at Spezzia, Marseilles,

and Lisbon. Captains and masters of vessels are particularly cautioned against harboring or concealing the said fugitive on board their ships, as the full penalty of the law will be rigorously enforced. He was lately heard of in England, where he passed himself off for free, but is supposed to have sailed for the United States in the Humboldt. He has a free Magyar woman for his wife, by the name of Teresa Meszleyi, lately removed to the United States, and is said to be at the house of President Fillmore, where it is likely her husband will be lurking, or she harboring him. He speaks English well, but with a slight stutter, particularly if a little excited.

The above reward will be paid, if delivered to me at Vienna. If lodged in any jail in any of the States, (so as I can get him,) one-fourth in cash, balance in a note, payable six and twelve months, by a member of the Society of Friends, *said to deal in loans*, Lombard-street, London.

N. B. If the fellow cannot be taken alive, I will pay a reward of 250,000 ducats for his scalp. Terms as above.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, Emperor of Austria.

Vienna, Dec. 19, 1851.

THE AMERICAN SLAVE TO KOSSUTH.

BY W. E. CHANNING.

Where the dark Danube proudly runs,
Mayhap your heart, your hope may be;
There live your brothers,—noble ones,—
For whom you crossed the rolling sea.

And many a vine-clad cottage stands,
And peasant hearts throb aching there;
You pray, you weep, you lift your hands
To God,—for life, for light, your prayer.

You think of your dear sister's form,
Crushed by the impious Haynau's blow;
Your feelings true, your heart so warm,
Feel, then, for us, feel for our wo!

Slaves in the land of Freedom bright,
Slaves on the wild Missouri's side,
And Texan vales in sunny light,
Slaves on the old Potomac's tide!

The lash we feel, the chains we wear,—
God of the Free! shall Kossuth come,
Nor strike for us, and empty air
Pour from his mouth for his lost home?

Awake! thou burning Magyar soul!
Strike for thy brother slaves in view!
Then calmly shall the ocean roll,
Nor vex thy heart so warm and true.

Where are our wives?—to torture sold!
Kidnapped our children,—love disgraced!
Hope, home, affection, all for gold
At once torn out, and life effaced.

O Kossuth! Magyar! Man, at last!
Betray us not, nor let there be
Our curses lingering on thy past,
Our hate a household thing for thee.

Are we not men?—are we not slaves?
By the dark Danube there's no more:
Thy brothers found right glorious graves
Along his wild, romantic shore:

And we would die—but galls the chain;
Die—but in prison foul our lot:
By inches killed, the wretch's pain,
Who, dying, lives by all forgot.

Strike, then, for us, with thought and prayer,
God give thee power, most noble heart!
Nor waste thy words on empty air,
But, flying slave, take the slave's part!

TO KOSSUTH.

BY W. E. CHANNING.

Spurn! spurn the bribe! ford not the Southron river!
Death courses in its crimson tide for ever;
A flood of sin too strong for man's recalling,
Where slavery reigns, and breeds its crimes appalling.

What freezing mockery to make slavery's speeches,
And waft thy blessing o'er its bloody reaches!
That soil wide streaming with the negro's anguish;
Their fetters clank, in prisons still they languish.

Spurned, scorned and branded, they survive, half dying—
Wives sold, child sold—the scourge, the scourge replying—
Our brother-men—true rulers of this nation,
Victims of what? but thee and thy ovation!

On thee their deathless scorn as traitor hanging,
Around thy neck their chains of horror clanging,
Thou dar'st not meddle with domestic duties,
And will accept fell slavery and its beauties.

Our bragging land will wreck, and Freedom perish;
God has some heart, nor doth Hell's statutes cherish;
Soon shall the States be lashed by dread commotion—
One fate to all, one flood, one vengeful ocean.

Those tortured hearts to Heaven for life are crying;
God's angel to their thirsty hopes replying,
"The day shall dawn, this terror dark abated,
I am not spoused with Sin, with Satan mated."

From dismal swamps of Carolina's planting,
From Georgia's hills, the volleyed hymn is chanting,
"Give back our freedom! slaves all past describing;
Hungarian martyr, spurn their loathsome bribing!

"Demand our prompt deliverance! cry in thunder,
And stir the torpid soul to joy and wonder!
Burst off these chains, our freedom just demanding,—
Then ford yon stream, each heart thine own commanding!"

TO KOSSUTH.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Is it for thee to deal in glowing fiction?
To call this land great, glorious and free?
To take no note of its sad dereliction
From all that constitutes true liberty?
To feel upon thy spirit no restriction
By aught that thou canst learn, or hear, or see?

While this republic thou art warmly thanking,
For aiding thee once more to breathe free air,
Three million slaves their galling chains are clanking,
Heart-broken, bleeding, crushed beyond compare,
At public sale with swine and cattle ranking,
The wretched victims of complete despair!

The government that thou art now extolling,
As well-deserving measureless applause,
By its strong arm these millions are enthralling,
And persecuting those who plead their cause:
O, rank hypocrisy, and guilt appalling!
Like Draco's code, in blood are writ its laws.

For 'tis by law the father, son, and brother,
Know nought of filial or parental ties;
By law the sister, daughter, wife, and mother,
Must claim no kindred here beneath the skies;
All at the fiendish bidding of another
Their God-given rights must basely sacrifice.

By law the fugitives from stripes and fetters,
Who seek, like thee, a refuge safe and sure
From murderous tyrants and their vile abettors,
Are hunted over mountain, plain and moor;
Dragged back to slavery, as absconding debtors,
To toil, like brutes, while life and strength endure.

By law, 'tis criminal the slave to pity,
To give him food and shelter from his foes;
For him no hiding-place in town or city;
He must be hunted wheresoe'er he goes;
And they are branded as a vile banditti,
Who for his freedom nobly interpose!

Behold what scenes are in our courts transpiring!
Behold on trial placed the good and brave,
For disobedience to the law requiring
That he whom God made free should be a slave!
Arraigned as traitors with a zeal untiring,
And, if convicted, hurried to the grave!

O, shall the millions here in bondage sighing,
Branded as beasts, and scourged with bloody whips,
The "property" of tyrants God-defying,
Hear not one word of pity from thy lips?
O be not dumb, to thy reproach undying—
And thy great fame save from a dire eclipse!

(Dec., 1888, 20,000)

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